The Ink From My Wounds

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The Ink From My Wounds

by seasanv2

Summary

A bloodied and battered Will Graham appears on Hannibal‘s doorstep late at night. His first instinct was to slit the throat of whoever came knocking at these hours, but upon seeing the half-dead man, a few new feelings come to light - Hannibal realising maybe he would rather have Will‘s body warm and alive in his arms.

Notes

smut warning here, not all chapters but i don't think they will be on individual chapters

See the end of the work for more notes

A Night In

It was quite a quiet night, Hannibal sat in his study, a book in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. He stared out at the purplish-blue hues of the late hour sky, sipping his wine slowly as the amber flames from the fireplace illuminated his sharp features. He usually did not have time to himself, rarely taking entire days off work - the nights were his, and his only. Sometimes he spent them hunting, but he had a fully stocked fridge and surprisingly no one he wanted to gut.

So, as you can imagine, when he heard a loud knocking at his front door, he was quite unhappy. He made a displeased noise as he sat up, placing his book down and then his glass next to it. The knocking did not cease, but became less loud, weaker. As he walked past his desk, he did not hesitate before picking up a scalpel and tucking it away in his pocket. He decided rather quickly that he would have to host a dinner party this week to get rid of the extra meat from this annoying encounter.

He walks through his hallway, making sure his footsteps can be heard by whoever stands outside so that the incessant knocking ceases. He reaches for the doorknob, twisting it and wearily pulling the door open.

The moment he sees him, his face drops. There‘s this sinking feeling in Hannibal‘s stomach that he had never felt before, a burning, an ache, like something wanting to claw it‘s way out. As soon as their eyes met, the door opened wider, Hannibal moving so that the man outside can fall into his arms.

It was a very gruesome sight, something Hannibal had never expected to see - definitely not on this serene, otherwise peaceful night. Will was shaking violently, his face pale and drained of blood, a large gash across his chest. His hair and body soaked with his own blood, as well as a concerning amount of sweat, his shirt clinging to his chest for dear life. The air from outside was ice cold, sending an almost painful shiver down Hannibal‘s spine when he became a victim to the breeze.

He didn‘t think to speak, he was far too intent on helping this fragile little lamb that has come to him for help. And that was all he could think about as he was helping Will onto the chaise in his living room.

He came to me.

Fragile Little Lamb

Chapter Summary

Being faced with a predicament he'd never thought he'd have to deal with in a million years, Hannibal tends to Will's wound whilst he bleeds out onto his chaise.

Chapter Notes

UHMM IM SORRY IF THIS IS BAD IM GONNA TRY TO MAKE IT LONGER

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will's body was laid out on the chaise, in any other circumstance and maybe a little bit in this one, Hannibal would find this position to be incredibly arousing. Will's legs splayed out, one on the chaise, one hanging off, his chest moving up and down with each shallow breath, his hands unmoving at his sides.

Hannibal wasted no time in cutting Will's shirt off with the scalpel he had hidden for a different occasion, glad that it came in handy here as well. Will's shirt is disregarded in an improper manner, thrown about onto the floor, Hannibal not seeming to waste any time on being his proper self.

With the wound fully revealed and the air hitting it, Will winces, but he is far too weak at this moment to even think about stopping Hannibal from helping him. Hannibal's hands come up Will's bare sides, stroking them for a moment too long before he's up and off for his first aid kit.

Will leans his head back and closes his eyes, the only noises he is managing to make being groans of pain and sharp breaths. He doesn't attempt to look at the wound, he knows it is bad, he can feel the blood gushing out of him and onto Hannibal's probably super expensive chaise - he knows he will have to apologise profusely for that later.

Hannibal returns shortly, beginning to clean Will's wound and apply antiseptic. For a few moments Will doesn't react, his body not registering the pain. When he feels the cool antiseptic his body jolts, letting out a loud yelp and cursing under his breath.

"I know, Will, I know." Hannibal's response is spoken softly, differently to any way Will has heard him speak before. Hannibal's voice actually sounds concerned, caring, loving…? No. Will's eyes crack open to look at Hannibal's face, his eyes are fixed on the wound, his fingers working as gently as they can to assist Will. Will can see how Hannibal's mind seems to have

reverted back to his time as a surgeon, his hands moving with precise, well thought yet not long thought movements.

It is not long before Will can feel the sutures in his skin, he does not react as obviously as he did to the antiseptic - he simply grunts in pain and shifts uncomfortably, his eyes shutting tight. Then, feels a warm hand on his own nothing but a second later, Hannibal‘s thumb stroking the top of Will‘s hand gently.

"I‘m almost done, William, stay still a bit longer for me."

Will nods at this, then again because he does not think Hannibal registered his weak nod as an actual nod. He feels the warmth slowly leave his hand and he takes a deep breath, holding it for the rest of the few minutes that Hannibal is sewing him up. He does feel the blood come back to his face, not sure if it is because of him holding his breath or because he is thinking about how Hannibal‘s thick accent perfectly said the word „William“, like his voice box was perfectly made to utter Will’s name, but it was probably the former… probably.

He releases his breath and pants heavily as he feels Hannibal‘s hands leave his chest, knowing that he is done sewing him up. Will‘s eyes flick open, and he forces himself to sit up whilst still back against the chaise, his head tilting to look at Hannibal‘s work - it‘s amazingly done, no surprise. Will is proud of himself for thinking to get Hannibal‘s help and not a hospital, too many questions, too many people. Hannibal was one person, one person he trusted, and he hadn‘t asked Will a single question yet, which he was very happy about.

"Thank you, sorry about your couch." Will speaks to his best ability.

"Chaise," Hannibal starts, packing away his first aid kit, "And there is no need to apologise. Nothing a reupholstering can‘t fix."

The way he spoke was as though he truly meant it, as if Will bleeding on his couch was nothing more than a fingerprint on a glass window - easily wiped away. It was at that moment that Will remembered who Hannibal was, and he suddenly felt so awful yet so glad to be in the presence of a man like him, who‘s every whim could be delivered in a matter of mere seconds.

Will smiled at the correction.

"Right. Chaise." He tried to laugh, but quickly finding out it was far too painful a task. He shook his head, smiling off the pain.

A few moments passed, Will trying to gather his thoughts and steady his breathing, Hannibal getting up and putting away his first-aid kit before returning and gently petting Will‘s arm.

"You know I must ask." Hannibal stated after about a minute of stroking Will‘s arm soothingly. He did not stop when he spoke, but he made sure that Will was focusing on his words and not his touches.

"I know."

"Then go on."

Will sighed, his head resting back against the chaise, his breathing almost completely steady now - he was plenty exhausted after all of this, and his voice carried a lot of unhappiness at the thought of speaking about what brought him to Hannibal‘s house this evening.

"I had a dream, I realised I knew exactly where our killer would be and that I would have to act fast…" He pauses for a moment, Hannibal nodding as an 'okay' for him to go on.

"I went without calling Jack, or anybody, didn‘t think about it. It didn‘t even cross my mind. I found him, but I was half-asleep still… I-I wasn‘t in the right headspace to be there, I didn‘t bring anything to defend myself, I.."

A gentle squeeze on his arm brings him back to reality, his mind having drifted back to that moment - as though he were right back in that cabin, fighting for his life.

„"t‘s okay, Will. Make sure you tell Jack where you went, okay? He may be there still, or left something there."

As Hannibal spoke, his regular serious voice failed to conceal a bubbling anger, peeks of it cracking through the surface of his otherwise calm demeanour. Will simply nods, he nods and then sits up - a gasp escaping his lips as he realises how difficult it is to function with so much blood loss.

Before he can make an attempt to stand, two strong arms are on either of his shoulders, squeezing with a strong yet not painful grip, despite Will being well aware Hannibal could make it hurt if he wanted to. He is guided into a sitting position, Hannibal on his knees in front of Will and meeting his eyes.

Will absolutely hated eye contact, he could tolerate it when it was from Hannibal, but not like this, not when they were so close and he was feeling a wide range of different things over his entire body. He pushed his discomfort deep down inside of him, not allowing himself to voice it. His ears pricked up and listened intently to Hannibal‘s voice as he spoke.

"You are not going anywhere. You can stay here tonight. Would you like me to assist you in bathing?"

Chapter End Notes

too tired to edit 😭😭 leave a comment if i messed anything up pls, or just say hi!!<33

hoping this was not too weird or out there, is it obvious i have 0 clue what im on about when it comes to medical shit? 😭😭

I poked around with the idea of smut here, but I think Will needs a warm soapy bath & some TLC and maaaybe some help relaxing in the bathtub? wink wink

want to play around with the idea of will being too exhausted to protest, whilst still being consenting ofc!! so will probably do some light smut in the bath🫶🫶

updates later or tmrw!! enjoying writing this heaps!!

Stay Here Tonight

Chapter Summary

Hannibal decides a nice warm bath is exactly what Will needs, and to release some pent-up stress. Will is too exhausted to argue.

Chapter Notes

stay safe sane and consensual my friends :))) idk how long this chapter will be it's 11:15 as I'm staring this sooo.. check end notes to see when i finish ig :-]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Well, whilst he certainly did not particularly WANT Hannibal to 'assist him in bathing', as he put it, he also very much wanted to feel cleansed of the blood and sweat that coated his entire being. So he nodded and then nodded again because his nod was more like a head adjustment than anything. It was not long before Hannibal was helping Will to his feet, hands grasping Will's hips to support him. It was not far to the downstairs bathroom, but Will felt like his leaning on Hannibal made the journey much longer than it needed to be - it would be easier if Hannibal had just carried him, he thought but did not have the afterthought to dare voice it. He was snapped out of his thoughts by too-gentle hands fidgeting with his belt.

"I've got it." Will quickly said, his hands moving to assist Hannibal's oddly shaky ones in taking off his belt. He leaned back against the sink as he undid his belt and let it fall to the floor, his eyes following Hannibal as he walked to the bath and proceeded to let it fill up with hot water, steam pouring out from the top of the tub. It was not shortly after that bubbles began to appear on the surface of the water, and Will was at least glad that a layer of bubbles would shield his body from prying eyes - if Hannibal intended actually to help him bathe. He was pleased that Hannibal turned away as he peeled off his bloodstained and sweat-soaked jeans, tossing them on the floor with the belt, then quickly discarding his boxers with them. He stepped into the bath, sinking into the hot soapy water slowly, letting every inch of his body properly revel in the warmth before he sank fully, sitting so that his chest wound was still above water, that would hurt far too much, he thought.

Hannibal waited for the gentle sounds of water sloshing to cease before turning around to look at Will once again, he took in all of his features, this was a moment he would have to remember - an image he would hang from one of the walls in his memory palace. Hell, maybe he would dedicate a whole room to photos of this very second. Will had his head tilted down, his eyes closed so gently, breathing in the steam and the scent of the soap in the water, his thick brown curls falling so effortlessly perfect in front of his facial features. The only

movement Will made was the ever so slight rise and fall of his chest, and his nostrils flaring to breathe deeply.

The moment had passed now, as Hannibal took a washcloth from under the sink and sat behind Will, on his knees to be at the perfect height to wash him. Will's eyes opened as Hannibal dunked the washcloth into the water next to him, he leaned his head against the back of the bathtub, his eyes almost meeting Hannibal's before they were closed once again. The washcloth was gently pressed to his shoulders, moving slowly, gently but hard enough to get the dirt off. The bath water slowly turned a translucent pink as Hannibal worked away at the dry blood on Will's chest, careful around where the actual wound was, to not anger it again. He would wash for a few moments, then dunk the washcloth in the bathwater, and then wring it out before returning to step one. This went on until Will's arms, chest and stomach were clear of blood. Hannibal then spoke for the first time in what had to be at least 10 minutes.

"Could you wet your hair for me?" Was all he said, Will's eyes cracked open ever so slightly before he shifted in the bath to properly douse his hair. He leant back, letting the water soak his hair and cover his face, and then he allowed himself back up - moving back to the position he was in before. His head felt cold, a harsh difference from the hot water that he had just submerged himself in. The coldness was then met with Hannibal's hands, massaging the shampoo through his hair. Will was shocked at how gentle Hannibal's hands were, lathering the shampoo and properly mixing it throughout all of his hair, twirling shampoo into his curls and swiping stray soap from Will's forehead before it could attack his eyes. Will allowed himself to relax into the touch, leaning his head back and taking proper, full breaths of the hot air in the bathroom. Then this was all repeated with conditioner. Will submerged his head, Hannibal's hands helping to get all of the soap out properly, then once he came up he felt hands in his hair again. This time he let the conditioner sit for a few minutes, still gently massaging Will's head as time ticked by.

"I'm going to wash the rest of you next, alright?" Hannibal spoke with an eerily caring tone, one so laced with love that the sweetness threatened to make Will throw up. He didn't protest, he nodded, his body far too tired to do much but comply. He knew he just wanted to be clean and to sleep, and to do that he would need to allow Hannibal to get the first part over and done with. He rinsed out the conditioner with the help of Hannibal, before he rested back against the tub again, letting the washcloth in Hannibal's hand wander down his stomach and his legs, washing over his thighs. He moved about, however he could to make it easier for Hannibal to get this over with. His knees down to his calves were washed thoroughly, as well as his feet. Hannibal then washed his back, his chest once again, and his stomach.

And then, a light graze between his thighs made him freeze, his breath catching in his throat. Will felt his cheeks turn pink, he was well aware that this must have been an accident, and for him to react so obviously was embarrassing. He was shocked that his body had enough energy to allow his dick to react, immediately becoming half-hard as he drowned in embarrassment. Another light graze from Hannibal's knuckle forced a sharp exhale out of him, and then as the washcloth was set on the side of the bath he realised this may not have been as un-intentional as he initially thought. He felt Hannibal move closer, his head just behind Will's, he could hear his calm breathing. Then he felt Hannibal's large hand wrap

around him, ever so gently stroking him to complete hardness. His head tilted forward, and he let out a soft whine, his cheeks still a burning hot pink.

"Shh, just relax, I know you're tired, William." Hannibal said with that stupidly sultry, seductive voice of his. His tone could make anyone do as he pleased, and he was well aware of that fact.

His thumb pressed against the sensitive head of his cock, a half-moan half-gasp escaping Will at the unexpected pressure. He allowed his head to rest back against Hannibal's chest, his heart pounding almost audibly. His eyes were closed, and opening them was not even a thought in his mind, he was well aware that Hannibal was staring at his parted lips, watching for every movement, listening for every noise. This was proven when Hannibal began a steady pace, his hand ever so slightly gripping his dick, pumping it up and down and thumbing the tip as he reached it. Will's breathing became unsteady quickly, he did not have the energy to keep himself quiet, he was perfectly fine at this moment to feel utterly embarrassed - and embarrassed he felt, feeling Hannibal's eyes staring at his lips as he gasped and moaned.

It was not long before he could feel the precum leaking out of him, coating Hannibal's hand and mixing into the bloody bathwater. Hannibal's hand kept at a steady, almost torturous pace, only speeding up when Will's hips subconsciously thrust forward into his hand, he needed more, and Hannibal was happy to give it. The strokes became faster, the tip of Hannibal's nose was at Will's neck, and he whispered such sweet things - a complete parallel to the almost downright disgusting sight of Will falling apart, leaking into bloody bath water. Will quickly became a mess of loud moans and muttered swear words, and the more intensely he felt the need to cum, the more intensely Hannibal stroked him. It was as if he knew exactly what Will needed, never slowing down for a moment. He kept his hand on Will's dick even after his climax, as Will's hips quiver and push up to savour the contact.

So as to not overstimulate him too much, Hannibal removed his hand, placing a kiss on the crook of Will's neck before he stood to pull the plug from the bathtub, draining it fully before helping Will stand, taking the shower head and rinsing his entire body off once again. He then wrapped Will in a large, fluffy red towel, his arms wrapped around the man, still shaking from his climax. He led Will upstairs and into the guest bedroom, there were already some pyjamas set out on the bed, deep purple silk sweatpants and a simple white t-shirt, as well as a pair of boxers. He assisted Will into the boxers, helping him step into them and letting him pull them up himself, one hand on his shoulder. He laid Will on the bed, pulling the sweatpants up to his hips and tying them so they would not fall, being a bit large on Will's frame. He put the shirt on Will carefully, intentionally giving him a big shirt so it did not irritate his stitches.

He then helped Will to bed, pulling back the covers of the bed and then gently laying them on top of him. He planted a kiss on the already half-asleep Will's forehead before walking to the doorway and flicking off the light. He stared at Will for a few moments, remembering all of his pretty noises and movements. Those would have a room dedicated to them, as well.

"Goodnight, Will." He said, pulling the door to as he stepped out of the guest bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

12:23 muahaha.

umm im really bad at writing smut ik :') please leave tips or suggestions or whatever in the comments,,

also can you tell i hate dialogue, ill try to work on that.

yeah idk where to take his fic, so again, suggestions! But we will see, ill come up w/ somethin :)))

stay safe yall

Goodnight, Will.

Chapter Summary

Hannibal tries to sleep, but he can't stop remembering how helplessly adorable Will looked coated in his own blood and sweat. He finds himself with a not-so-little problem and decides to deal with it before he gets some rest.

Will is also struggling to get to sleep, waking up a few times to nightmares. He really wishes he had a warm body to lay next to on a night like this. Ah, why not? He thinks.

Chapter Notes

shameless smut :)

but also fluff because i love these guys!!!

hoping to make this at least 2000 words cause i feel bad when my chapters are short as hell, yk you have to feed the fannibals and all that. umm but yes, i'm super sick and my brain is not working at very high speeds - so enjoy the smut and disregard the spelling and grammar errors.

stay safe, eat the rude!<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With Will sound asleep in his guest bedroom, Hannibal decided it was time for a rest himself.

He walked down the hallway, struggling to keep his thoughts on anything but the boy now occupying a room in his house. He wondered if the bed would smell like Will once he left, or if Will smelled so much of Hannibal's own soap that the bed would remain unscented - either way, it did not matter. The entire house smelled of Will's sweat and blood, and it wasn't as disgusting to Hannibal as it would be if it were anyone else. He couldn't care less about the bloody mess on his carpets, the sticky sweat and dried burnt vermillion stained into his chaise - he'd probably just throw it out and buy another one, it was only a few thousand dollars or something, and he didn't really like it anyway - why did he buy it in the lavender shade? Yuck.

His thoughts quickly return back to Will, after the slight detour about his furniture. His hand caresses the eggshell-coloured walls as he reaches his bedroom, stepping inside and taking a deep breath. This room does not smell of Will, only Hannibal, it allows him to sink into his

own thoughts for a few moments, before those thoughts, too, become about William. He hoped that one day this room would be tainted by the pine and sage, as well as the slightly doggy scent that Will has. Hannibal's room is quite large, having its own study area, as well as an en-suite bathroom, he internally kicks himself for not using that bathroom to wash Will.

The walls are dark red, he has a four-poster bed that is dark brown, red curtains attached to the top of it, but currently tied back. The only light in the room is from two small lamps on either side of his bed, on the nightstands. He has a large round carpet in front of his bed, the floors being wooden in here, compared to the carpeting in the hallways. He closes his bedroom door behind him, walking over to the bed and sitting down with a soft sigh. He looks down at his clothes, his once navy blue suit now splotched with dark red hues, he pulls his clothes off, throwing them into the washing basket. He was not about to do any laundry now, and he figured if the blood did not come out then he would just throw it away just as he would the chaise, no big deal.

He'd walk over to his closet, picking out some silky red pajama pants, they hung loosely at his hips, comfortably tied just enough to not slip down. He did not bother to put a shirt on, figuring it was hot enough to just sleep in these pants. He laid down on the bed again, looking up at the curtains that hung from it. He closed his eyes, beginning to recall the night, it sort of seemed like it was all a dream, but he was well aware it wasn't. Hannibal did not get caught up in what is and is not reality the way he knows Will does, he's well aware of who he is, where he is and what is happening at every moment in time. He recalls the look on Will's face as he saw Hannibal, the relief washing over his eyes as he realised he would be safe - that Hannibal made him feel safe. If only he knew what Hannibal was capable of.

He then recalled looking down, seeing Will's shaking little body, his shirt clinging to his chest and stomach with all the blood. He remembered getting to feel Will's skin, to cut his shirt off him, to feel his warm flesh beneath his hands. He was able to feel Will's heartbeat, hear his breath, listen to his moans of pain and, oh, they were sweet. If it had been a less deadly situation, Hannibal probably would have taken his time with the sutures, just to hear the noises Will was able to make. God, the noises Will was able to make. It was not long before Hannibal's mind wandered to the situation in the bathroom, how Will trembled under his touch, how his blood tinted the bath water's colour, how his cock felt in Hannibal's palm - soft and warm, until, well, it wasn't soft anymore.

His eyes were closed now, remembering every little detail about the scene. He wanted so badly to be able to touch Will again, to hear his voice, saying Hannibal's name, moaning sweetly for him, breaths hitching. He could feel himself growing hard in his boxers at the mere thought of Will, being so unknowing of what he does to Hannibal, innocently asleep in the other room, not even 10 meters away. His hand moves down, feeling himself on top of his clothes, a soft groan escaping him. Even thoughts of Will's moans send warm electric feelings down his body, filling his cock nicely. He'd been so focused on giving Will what he needed, he forgot that he deserved some TLC as well. It was not long before his hand slipped into his pants, under his boxers, and he was stroking himself to full hardness.

Little noises came from Hannibal as he stroked himself and thought about Will. He was never vocal during sex, let alone touching himself, but Will simply makes him come undone. He strokes himself faster, thinking about Will's sweet face, his head leaning back against

Hannibal, mouth slightly agape - Fuck, he had such a sweet little mouth. Hannibal so badly wanted to feel the warmth of it, even if it was just his fingers, it didn't have to be his cock, not if Will didn't wish to.

And that was it for Hannibal, he came with another low grunt. His last thought before his climax was Will, of course, taking him into his sweet mouth, being so good for him. He wondered if Will would let him grab a fistful of his hair, if he'd enjoy choking on Hannibal's cock, tears streaming down his pretty, pretty face as Hannibal controlled when he was allowed to breathe. Or maybe Will would prefer to be tender, and loving, kissing the tip before taking Hannibal down his throat, licking exactly the right spots.

Hannibal leaned his head back, letting out a breath he did not realise he was holding in. Then, he stood, pulling his hand out of his pants, looking at the coating of cum on his knuckles. He felt a bit embarrassed, finding himself now thinking about what Will would think if he knew, knew what he did to Hannibal. He stood, walked into his en-suite and washed his hands, then stood in the mirror, looking at himself. His hair was a little bit dishevelled, and he would have to shower tomorrow morning because he was properly sweaty - not just from masturbating, but also the fact that it has been a very long day.

His ears pricked up, hearing the gentle creaking of floorboards before a soft voice came from his bedroom.

"Hannibal...?" Will's little voice spoke, sounding as though he has just woken up.

He turned, exiting the en-suite, his eyes immediately scanning the scene. Will was stood in the doorway, the hallway light behind him leaking into the darkness of Hannibal's room. He looked half-asleep still, his eyes only open just enough. His hair was especially curly, falling slightly in front of his face, as well as on the sides, framing him beautifully. His cheeks were flushed a soft pink, his pajama shirt revealing a bit of sweat on his chest and armpits. He took a step inside the bedroom, looking genuinely scared shitless as he did so - Hannibal was well aware that he must have had a nightmare, and was seeking comfort. He could smell the waves of fear and confusion coming from Will's direction.

Hannibal instinctively took a step forwards, and then another few until he was in arms reach of Will. He wrapped his arms around him, Will's head pressed into Hannibal's bare chest. He could hear little sniffles coming from Will, and he offered a soothing touch, his hand going under Will's shirt to touch his bare back. He was very careful not to press Will's chest too tightly to his body, still hyper-aware of the wound and how much it must be hurting Will as it heals.

He leads Will over to the bed, and sits down next to him, releasing him so that they can sit face-to-face. He takes one of Will's hands, gently stroking the top of it with his thumb. Will does not make eye contact, and Hannibal knows this is for a few reasons - he's tired and he's freaked out, as well as Will barely managing eye contact at the best of times - his eyes are instead fixed just over Hannibal's left shoulder, tilting his head up to prove his attention is on Hannibal as he speaks.

"Did you have a bad dream?" Hannibal says softly, squeezing Will's hand ever so slightly.

Will nods.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Will pauses for a moment, his eyes moving down to the bedsheets and roaming as he thinks about his answer. He looks back up at Hannibal and shakes his head, his eyes now on Hannibal's forehead.

"I would rather just try to sleep again. Um, is it okay if I sleep with you?"

Hannibal's eyes lit up, but unnoticeably to Will. His heart was absolutely fluttering, yes, this was the best possible outcome, Will would be in his arms tonight. He offered Will a small smile and a nod, then he stood and peeled back the covers, situating himself in the bed before patting the spot next to him. It didn't take long for Will to stand as well, he sat down with nothing but a small rustling of the sheets and a gentle grunt as he made sure not to lay on his wound, pulling the covers carefully over both of them. He did not speak another word, he looked eager to get back to sleep. Will kept himself away from Hannibal, his hands to himself now. He turned to face the other way as his eyes fluttered closed.

Hannibal understood there were a lot of things going through Will's mind right now, most likely quite a few of those things being about the bath. Hannibal shifted closer, wrapping his arms around Will, gently spooning the smaller man. He pressed a kiss to the crown of Will's head, a breath being forced from him as he felt Will reposition, unintentionally pressing himself back against Hannibal's recently spent cock. It took all of Hannibal's willpower to not make a sound, he knew Will needed sleep.

So he did not move, he just let Will rest, listening to his breaths steady and watching as his body grew limp, heavy with sleep. He kissed Will's head a few more times, then nosed his hair, breathing in his sweet scent. He was so happy that his bed would now smell like Will, as the rest of his house did.

Hannibal found it hard to think about sleep, his mind racing with thoughts of only Will. The two are both laying where, a few minutes ago, Hannibal was jerking off to the thought of him. He remembered some things he thought, and as he sat up slightly to look at Will's sleeping face, all he could do was stare at those soft, pink lips. They were slightly parted at the moment, a thin trail of drool leaking from them, down to Hannibal's pillow. His cheeks were still pink, Hannibal assumed it was because of the heat, being next to Hannibal's warm body, which is completely able to encompass Will, which it was partly doing in this moment.

He laid back down properly, his eyes closing. He felt himself, too, growing heavy with sleep. His arms remained loosely around Will, pressing his body close. He could hear Will's soft breaths and every now again he could hear little snores, which he found adorable. As much as he would love to listen to Will's noises all night, sleep was calling him. With that, he fell into a dreamless slumber, his head buried in Will's fluffy curls.

There's no better way to sleep, that was his last thought. He hoped this would not be a one-time thing, but even if it was, it would be the best nights sleep of his life. Oh yes, this would be a cherished memory, and one to go in the memory palace with a framed photo of Will's sleeping face.

Chapter End Notes

hope this wasn't too bad!! leave a comment on what you want to happen next, or what you enjoyed, or literally anything, i love seeing your guys's comments :))

kinda hoping this wasn't too creepy, but also hanni is a massive creep so like....

anyway

yall listened to the new melanie martinez album? im constantly listening, especially as i write lolol<3

STAY SAFE!!!

A Cherished Memory

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will awake from a good night's sleep. Will, now rested but not quite in his right mind, is unsure on how to approach this situation with Hannibal - Does it need addressing? Or does he just let it happen?

Hannibal, on the other hand, is perfectly content to watch Will deal with his moral dilemma on his own. He cooks a nice breakfast for Will, interally squealing every time he shows affection to Will without a snarky comment or disgusted look in return.

Chapter Notes

maybe no full on smut, but still warning for Hannibal's horny brain<3

umm yeah breakfast, less sleepy but still drained Will trying to sort out his feelings towards Hanni :)

mostly fluff, stupid fluff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal is awake first, his internal alarm going off at around 6 AM, but of course, Will would not be awake at this time, not his Will. He shifted, eyes meeting Will's sweet, sleeping face. A smile immediately appeared on his lips as he found himself then pressing a gentle kiss to Will's head before slipping out of the sheets to have a shower. He took a moment to put the covers back over Will, who was immediately repositioning to take over the entire bed now that Hannibal had removed himself - Will's arms and legs splayed out everywhere, messy, tangled hair all over the place. It was a sight that brought only wholesome thoughts to Hannibal's mind, well almost, some thoughts from the night before still lurking in the back of his mind.

He walked into his en-suite, gently shutting the bathroom door behind him, but not locking it. He was not sure if this is because the did not want to wake Will with the noise, or if he wanted Will to get up and join him. Who was he kidding? He knew the answer to that. He turned the shower on, warm, but not too much so, before he dropped his pajama pants and boxers - proceeding to throw them into the washing basket with not another thought. He stepped into the shower, the hot water running down his back, tricking down his thighs. He took a few moments to adjust and let the water relax his tense muscles before he reached for

the bottle of shampoo, squirting a decent amount on his hands before massaging it through his silver-streaked hair.

He continued to wash himself, conditioning after he shampooed, moving on to lather soap on his chest and arms, rinsing it off before continuing to the rest of his body. He avoided his cock, knowing exactly where his thoughts would go. He just wanted to have a relaxing shower and feel clean, but it was hard to do so when he thought about the things he wanted to do with the sleeping man in his bed, while he was awake, of course. His eyes closed, and he reached for the shower handle, then he proceeded to make the water a bit hotter, steam flooding out from the top of it and the little gaps at the bottom of the shower door.

His little gasps and whimpers, his moans, god, his moans. The way his lips parted ever so slightly, an invitation. His embarrassment was so sweet, it tasted of honeydew and freshly cut strawberries mixed with the humidity and chill of a spring picnic, Hannibal wanted to bathe in it, drown in it. The way Will's face became flushed and sweaty, he would give anything to be able to touch Will again - he hoped that Will would let him. Seeing as how Will came to him seeking comfort, he assumed so, that Will needed Hannibal just as Hannibal needed Will. And oh, he needed Will.

But Will was asleep, and this had to do for now. It took everything in his power to stifle his moans as he began to stroke himself, Will was not a light sleeper and there were also the sounds of the shower to cover his noises of desire but Hannibal was not going to take any chances. He stroked himself slowly, lovingly, imagining that Will would be the one doing it to him - Will's hand wrapped around the base of his cock, trailing upwards and thumbing the slit as it leaked precum over his dainty little hands. He imagined Will would mutter sweet things to him, being ever so careful, as if Hannibal was a fragile little teacup that couldn't take a bit of jerking off, but, that was the way Will was. If Will wanted him slowly, that is what he would allow.

"Fuck.." Hannibal muttered under his breath as he spilled out precum onto his knuckles, a copious amount of the stuff dribbling to the floor. He began to recall Will's moans, his speed increased, the grip on his cock less gentle, he imagined it was Will. He didn't have the ability to be as gentle as Will, wanting everything, anything, all of the time. He'd take Will slow, to start off with, just to get him adjusted and to not cause any pain. He imagined the moans Will gave at something as simple as a handjob, only getting louder as Hannibal pounded into his ass, the begging, the screaming. Would he cry? Hannibal would never, ever want Will to be quiet, every little noise would simply further claim Will as his.

A few soft grunts and a sharp breath later and he was finished, rinsing his spend down the drain with a mild embarrassment in his eyes. He rinsed himself off completely before stepping out of the shower, giving himself a quick dry all over before wrapping the towel around his waist and stepping out into the bedroom. His eyes immediately went to Will, still asleep, still just as angelic as he was no less than 15 minutes ago. Walking over to his closet, Hannibal decided on his Charcoal and Blood Red Windowpane 3 Piece suit, as he had a few clients in the afternoon (one of them happened to be Franklyn Froideveaux, but in all honestly he was wearing this suit for the time leading up to Franklyn, the morning he would spend with Will) and this suit was actually surprisingly comfortable.

He combed his hair back, adjusted his floral tie and then sat on the side of the bed closest to Will. He couldn't help but stare for a few moments at Will's cheeks flushed with warmth from his own and Hannibal's body heat which is still lingering from earlier. He found his hand drawn to it, thumb gently tracing Will's cheekbone, then down his jawline, his chin, lightly pulling down on it to open Will's mouth ever so slightly. His eyes were locked on those lips, soft and pink. He moved his thumb up, gently pressing it against Will's parted lips, slipping it in ever so slightly until he was met by Will's teeth. He felt the warmth for a few moments, mind wandering, before he pulled his hand away from the sleeping man's face, setting it on his shoulder.

"Will, it's time to wake up." He said as he gently shook Will awake, what he got in return was a sleepy groan and Will burying his head into the pillow, as if that would somehow make Hannibal disappear, just as monsters simply apologised and left your closet when you hid under the covers - of course this was not true, all though in Hannibal's case, maybe being a bit nicer to these monsters would keep them off your back.

"William, don't make me pull these covers off you."

At that, Will's head turned, his eyes opening a little bit to look at Hannibal, and begrudgingly, he sat up. A yawn escaped his lips, accompanied by a stretch of his arms and a couple of blinks before he could be considered somewhat awake. He pushed the covers off his legs, twisting his body to sit next to Hannibal on the side of the bed as he collected his thoughts and reminded himself that the past day has not been a dream. His hands roam his face, desperately trying to rub the remnants of sleep away.

"It's 6:20, why the hell are you up so early? Freak." Will mumbles after glancing over to the alarm clock, shocked at the surprisingly small numbers, it seems. Hannibal has to hold back a laugh in response, Will has probably never willingly been awake at this hour in his life - only due to late-night phone calls from Jack and the plethora of times he's awoken in a night drenched in sweat.

"Well, I have work later, and I need to get some food in you." Hannibal says plainly, purposely not commenting on the shock in Will's eyes after the words are spoken.

"I'm.. What?"

"Breakfast. Ever had it? Come on, let's get you up, hmm?" Hannibal stands, taking the smaller man's hands in his own and assisting him to his feet. Will takes a moment to adjust to the suddenness of it all, stumbling forwards before his feet decide that yes, they would indeed be working today. He pulled his hands away from Hannibal's as soon as he was sure he could support himself, they screamed for the warmth and comfort that the doctor provided - but Will was not going to give in to his needs. Needs? Did he need Hannibal? He tucked that thought away for later, hopefully much later, maybe never, as he followed Hannibal out of the bedroom and into the kitchen.

His body was definitely not used to being up this early for this long, and every part of him yearned to be back in Hannibal's big, comfortable bed. Whether or not he wanted to be in the bed with Hannibal was something he chose not to dwell on. Soon, all these thoughts would hit him like a bus, he knew that. They were creeping into every corner of his skull, pushing

every other thought away. Hannibal jerked him off, for god's sake! Part of Will wondered if it was just because Hannibal wanted to help him relax, but that coupled with all these kisses to his head, the compassion Hannibal is showing him, the moans he swear he heard from the bathroom in his half-asleep state this morning - Also who jerks someone off to help them relax? Maybe just the bath would make more sense if Hannibal wasn't looking for something more intimate... Did Will want this intimacy? He was well aware that his body craved Hannibal, even before this, his once dull life seemed to bloom into action and colour every second he spent around Hannibal, even if it was just a therapy session, Will enjoyed his presence so much that he wanted to be completely enveloped. But enveloped like this? Did Hannibal love him? Did he love Hannibal?

Will was pulled out of his spiralling thoughts by the smell and sound of crackling bacon, partnered with eggs. He sat at the kitchen counter, watching Hannibal's hands as he cooked, even something so simple as bacon and eggs, Hannibal made it look like a masterpiece - an art form, which Will supposed cooking sometimes was. Why was it that Hannibal could do everything with such grace and beauty? He even palmed Will's dick with grace and beauty! He didn't make a single stray facial expression when he touched Will in the bathtub, he was completely focused on giving Will what he needed. This was all far too confusing, Will tried his darnedest to shut his thoughts off and focus on the fact that in a few minutes, he would have a nice hot breakfast in front of him.

Honestly, he wouldn't be mad if he got to experience this every day. The way Hannibal made his way around the kitchen, with such care and precision in every little movement, was soothing. The smell of the cooking paired with the sounds of it, the sounds he tuned in on - not just the crackling of the bacon, the whisking of the eggs, but the small noises Hannibal made. He'd hum to himself, give himself little telling-offs whenever he'd even slightly mess something up, muttering under his breath. Will did not even realise how much he was staring until Hannibal turned and stared back, causing Will to fluster and turn his head to face the fridge instead, just listening.

A few moments later a plate was pushed in Will's direction, along with some cutlery. He looked down at the plate as Hannibal took a seat next to him. Honestly, it was impressive, The eggs were perfectly cooked, the bacon was crispy but not burnt and it smelled heavenly, Will wondered which part of the pig it was taken from; whether it be the back, collar, shoulder, or maybe it wasn't pig and it was turkey or cow. Eh, whatever, Will didn't have good enough taste buds to decipher it, nor did he really care because as he took a bite, it was absolutely delicious. It melted into his mouth, he half-expected himself to moan at how good it felt on his tastebuds - but of course, he didn't.

Hannibal ate as well, he didn't spend any time watching Will, so as to not make him self conscious of how quickly he was eating - honestly, it was like Will hadn't eaten in years the way he gulped down the food. Hannibal did not find this rude in the slightest, which didn't mean much, because Hannibal hardly found anything Will did rude. This included the many, many times that Will had cussed him out whilst being in one of his 'moods', which was actually quite often and Hannibal found the man's ability to swear so vastly honestly a tad impressive. If he were anyone else, Hannibal thought, Will would be served as breakfast much like this poor sod currently cooked up on their plates.

Will's thoughts were still racing, even as he finished his plate and set his cutlery on top of it. He looked around the room, the vast kitchen, filled to the brim with all kinds of foods - how often did Hannibal cook for himself, he wondered - he recalled the dining room, a long table specifically for feasts among many when Hannibal prepared them. He thought on if Hannibal ever sat there alone, or if he sat in here, at the kitchen bench - where he and Will are sat now, next to each other, not alone. The guest bedroom, how many other people had slept in there? Or was it no one, the sheets only changed for ghosts and Will, this once? Hannibal's bathroom, had others bathed in it? His bed, had others slept inside it with Hannibal, pressed to his body so tightly the only air the two could breath were exhalations from the other's lungs?

He then thought about his own home, a cold, empty bed, only ever warmed by himself and the light little bodies of dogs. His bathroom, only ever being used by him and well... His dogs. His kitchen, yeah, he'd had people over, but the only person who he'd ever sat down and ate with in there was Hannibal when he brought over his protein scramble. His lounge, sat in by many people but most often himself. His fire lit for himself and his dogs every night, no one else's body was there to be warmed, no one else who wanted to be warmed by Will.

Maybe it was that they were just alike, as alone as each other. Both alone without each other.

Will did not realise he was shaking until he felt a warm hand engulf his tightly clenched fist, his train of thought crashing and burning right then and there. He let out the breath he was holding, steadily, and pulls his hand away. He stands, takes the plate with him and walks over to the sink to clean it - it is definitely the least he can do. He clears his throat as he washed the plate, his head turning to face Hannibal before he speaks.

"My apologies, I was thinking about last night." Will says with a tinge of sleep still lacing his otherwise plain voice.

"And which part of last night would that be, William?" Hannibal said with a small smile, using his knife to pile the last remaining scraps of food from his plate onto his fork before he lifted it to his mouth, chewed and swallowed. Will's already lie was quickly becoming a double lie as he had to backpedal so as to not have to talk about the two men's growing intimacy.

"The stabbing, duh."

A small chuckle escaped Hannibal at that, amused by Will's obvious lie, as well as his tone of voice, but he willing to roll with it. Will dried his plate and utensils, putting them away before walking over to Hannibal and taking the plate from him to wash and dry as well.

"Thank you. So, have you told Jack about it yet? I suppose not, as you've not had much time to. Now, I do recommend you stay, It's absolutely up to you but it would put my mind at ease to have you here for a few days as you heal - so I'm aware that your dogs haven't ripped open your stitches and eaten your spilled out guts?" Hannibal says with a smile, returned with a displeased and disgusted look from Will as he imagined the scenario just spoken aloud to him.

He's washing the plate in the sink, focused on both the task at hand and Hannibal's words as he thinks on the situation. He supposes that once he tells Jack what happened, he'd be granted some time off work for recovery anyway. Jimmy Price or Beverly could look after his dogs, so that wasn't an issue if he were to stay here for a few days. Plus, Hannibal was a doctor and could properly look after Will's wounds. Will did not give any time to the thoughts of wanting the budding intimacy between them turn into an actual discussion in his head, so he simply disregarded that before he spoke.

"Yeah, I'll pick up some clothes and stuff from home, feed the dogs and whatnot.. Then come back here? I'll keep my phone on me, let you know if the dogs gut me, well, I'll let you know if they don't gut me." A soft, genuine smile appears on Will's lips as he looks at Hannibal, happy that the two of them can still talk like this - as if none of the sexual things had happened between them, as if it was not the main thing flooding both of their minds at this moment. Hannibal's plate is now being dried with the towel in Will's hands, then put away - the same goes for the cutlery that Hannibal used. Hannibal returns the smile, standing from his seat and placing his hands neatly together behind his back, nodding with both his head and body in Will's general direction before he speaks.

"Sounds wonderful, Will. I'm going to get my things together and then I'll be off. You know where the bathrooms are, feel free to watch TV, read in the library or take a nap, whether that be in my bed or the guest bed." Theres a hint of teasing in his tone as Hannibal speaks the last words and he takes a few steps into the kitchen before pulling one of the drawers open to reveal some medicine, painkillers and whatnot.

"And have a look through here if you need any of it, all though, if I may say so, you're being quite the champ, you haven't complained once about the wound." Hannibal spoke again, and like clockwork, Will was suddenly hyper-aware of the pain that wracked his entire body, weaved through his veins and stuffed into his bones, filling every crevice it can find, but most of the pain was coming directly from the wound, which currently had nothing on it as it had not been bleeding - the shirt Will is currently wearing was large enough to not irritate it. Will had completely forgotten he was in any kind of pain at all, in fact he's pretty sure he forgot he was even hurt in the first place, all of his thoughts had been on Hannibal - so he supposes that the handjob was actually quite a good method on keeping him distracted from his pain, he can't help but ponder on wether that was the purpose of it, in some way.

As Will is stuck in his thoughts, the drawer shutting brings him back to the world of the living, where he's now standing in the kitchen alone. Hannibal has gone to get his things and head off for work, and now Will is stuck dreading the phone call he's about to have to endure to Jack, maybe a text would be easier, but a phone call would be better, that way Jack could ask all of his questions in one go. He grumbled as he looked over at the kitchen counter, at his phone that Hannibal must have retrieved from his jeans and placed there for him - Will swears that Hannibal knows exactly what is going to happen at any point in time, then he realises that him needing his phone eventually was pretty obvious. Hannibal was the one to bring the fact he should call Jack to his attention, after all.

Will opened his phone, turned and leaned back against the kitchen counter. This was going to be an awful, painful phone call. Part of him wishes he'd asked Hannibal to do it, he does have a way of words and an odd talent of keeping Jack from ripping Will's head off at all times,

but Will didn't think that far ahead, as per usual. He opens his contacts, scrolls down to 'Jack Crawford' and presses the Call button, partially hoping Jack has been transported to another universe and is therefore unable to take his call.

"Good Morning, Will. Why are you up so early?" Jack's voice spoke.

Of course not.

Chapter End Notes

okay so maybe not as much fluff as i initially intended it was more will being like; wow i love hannibal omgomg !!

and hannibal being like; lmao will is so cute when he's sassy im glad i love him or id cook him :)))

umm anyway i tried harder to do dialogue so i hope this wasn't completely ass, just trying to progress the story

also have no clue how long this will be or when i will end the story but ehhh whatever! trust me to start another as soon as this one ends, i know better than to keep the fannibals waiting!!

stay safe! eat the rude and the ginger!<3 (specific ginger)
'you can chop the ginger'akakjdhakh

Why Are You Up So Early?

Chapter Summary

Will decides that the phone call to Jack is inevitable. He gets some time off, four weeks to be exact, supervised by Dr Hannibal Lecter, which Jack is happy about.

Will explores the house whilst Hannibal is busy dealing with clingy patient Franklyn Froideveaux.

Chapter Notes

idk how this is gonna go, probably not as much smut im sorry <3

trying to story build, love franklyn(jk), love jack, love will<33333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good Morning, Will. Why are you up so early?" Jack's voice spoke.

And with those nine words, Will already felt done with this conversation. How was he supposed to explain that he was woken up so early because he slept next to a super professional psychiatrist who had been kissing and cuddling up to him, that also happens to be sorta-not-really his psychiatrist as well? Of course, he wasn't going to include that information. His hand met his face and then he was rubbing his temples in an attempt to get his brain working well enough for this phone call to be something even semi-productive.

"That's a difficult question." Will managed to half-assedly mumble.

"I'm seated, go on." Jack replied.

The phone call then went on for about thirty minutes, and in that period of time Will managed to sorta get the point across that he was stabbed and that he was at Hannibal's house - not without Jack yelling at him for refusing a hospital, but he was happy Will went to some kind of doctor, even if that doctor hadn't doctor-ed in years. He went in-depth about how he found the killer's place, seemingly having a delayed empathetic episode whilst he was asleep, able to see exactly where the killer was at that point in time. Jack said he'd be able to get Beverly or Jimmy Price or Alana to look after Will's dogs as he stayed, and he was shocked that Will was actually allowing someone to take care of him when he's usually just tough it out at home - Jack supposes Will may very well be mentally drained by this as well, he knows his limits, Jack thinks, even if he often chooses to ignore them.

The phone call ended with a very concerned-father-sounding Jack saying, "Well, look after yourself, Will, I hope to see you in a few weeks." Which was not something Will would ever have imagined to come out of Jack's mouth. He placed his phone down on the bench, taking a deep breath and recovering from the awkwardness of it all. A warm, comforting hand was placed on his waist before he could feel a body being pressed against his. Hannibal's chin rested on Will's head for a few moments as he embraced the smaller man, breathing in his scent. Part of Hannibal was thankful for Will staying, well, all of him was, but part of him was thankful specifically because Will's ship-on-the-bottle aftershave wasn't something he constantly kept with him at all times, so he was only smelling of Hannibal's soap and sweat at the moment.

Will revelled in the warmth for a few moments, Hannibal's touch pulling him out of his anxieties over the passing phone call. Once Hannibal pulled away, Will felt those crappy feelings flooding back again as if Hannibal was a blanket that he could hide under to shield himself from the monsters, but he wasn't. Hannibal was just a man that Will, for some reason, found comfort and safety in, and with. He cleared his throat and took a step forward, his hands on the bench in front of him. Hannibal moved past him, turning to speak before he left for work. He had a beautiful red and black suit on that made Will feel some kind of way, he wasn't about to think about the fact that just seeing Hannibal in a nice suit could make his stomach feel warm and as if it is flooded with butterflies. He had his hair combed back nicely, as per usual, and his shoes were shiny leather somethings - Will wasn't the type to know kinds of or brands of shoes other than Crocs and Converse. He also noticed how lovely Hannibal's floral tie was, it was a complete parallel from the rest of the outfit but instead of clashing, it worked.

"It's 7 AM now, I'll be back around 5 PM. Keep yourself busy, make sure to take painkillers if you need them, and tell me before you go to your house to pick up clothes, alright?" Hannibal asked, his voice his regular annoyingly stern yet absolutely beautiful tone as per usual, but it was laced with genuine care as well. Will replied with a nod, then realised that was probably not a decent reply, so he let some words fall out of his mouth.

"Mhm, yeah, I'll let you know. Thank you, have a good day at work." He said, stretching before leaning against the counter again, his hands on the cool granite as he stared down at it - it had been hard for him to take his eyes off Hannibal's suit, but he knew he couldn't offer eye contact. This sentence seemed to be enough for Hannibal, as he took his bag from the floor and left without another word. Will felt as if he was finally able to breathe properly once he heard the front door close and lock behind the other man, he took a moment to simply breathe, thinking about everything that has happened between him and Hannibal, things he probably shouldn't think about, things that made his face grow hot and red and his stomach felt so warm that he was beginning to wonder if he was any better than a schoolboy with a crush. He didn't have a crush, oh shit, did he have a crush?

He shook his head, no, nope, no way. He refused to let that thought be a thought, despite its greatest attempts. He took a glass and filled it with tap water, drinking the entire thing down in a scarily short amount of time and leaving the empty cup in the sink to forget about. He found himself wandering up to the guest bedroom in search of some better clothes, although it didn't matter that much as he was planning on driving from here to his home and not seeing another living soul within that time period. He couldn't find much, but another shirt was set

out for him, he assumed that it was by Hannibal, so he took it and chucked his current one in the wash. He audibly hissed when he felt the fabric against his wound, but he quickly recovered from the shock of the pain, clearing his throat and picking up the car keys that had been left on his bedside table for him after being taken out of his jeans.

As he walked downstairs to the front door, he began to think about the fact that he would actually be living with Hannibal for four weeks. Did Hannibal understand that? Would he get tired of Will and send him home on his own for his dogs to rip his guts out? They wouldn't, but Will couldn't stop thinking about it. Hannibal wanted him here, yeah, but Hannibal didn't know he'd be accepting Will's company for FOUR weeks! Will thought maybe he should lie and say he healed super quickly so he doesn't have to spend as long with Hannibal so as to burden him - Geez, Will, when did your thoughts get so depressing? Hannibal was his friend, and no matter what happens or how much Will depended on him, Hannibal will always care - He told himself.

He slipped his shoes on, opened the front door and took a step outside into the cold morning air. It was crisp and fresh, and there was a hint of humidity which didn't feel claustrophobic but instead felt hydrating, and Will suddenly felt much better about the series of events that were currently unfolding in his life. He walked to his car, opening the driver's seat door and cringing when he was suddenly reminded of the reason for him being here in the first place. The seat, the handle of the door and pretty much every surface on the inside of his car was coated with now dried or dying blood, yuck.

"Yep, I'll take a cab." Will said to himself, slamming the car door shut once again and stepping away with a sigh. Maybe he'll just scrap the car, because that will be a pain in the ass to clean - how would he even clean that? Like, would he get questioned if he took it in for cleaning? I mean, he supposes he has the wound to show as proof, but would people even clean that? Time to get a new car, it'll never feel the same - also it's unfair to get someone to clean what looks like a violent murder scene in the interior of his car. Will was pulled from his thoughts when he realised he had subconsciously called a cab and the phone was pressed to his ear.

He gave the address and then, mistakingly, took a look down at the floor and realised he was still in pajama pants - look, cabbie's see a lot of things, so he wasn't really embarrassed about his attire, more disappointed that his plan to 'not see another living soul' was destroyed because he had not thoughtfully thought about it. God, he hopes the cab driver is not the chatty type. Although he can't deny that he does enjoy cab drivers that love life enough to have little water bottles in the glove box or mints in the cupholder.

He stood outside and it was only a few minutes before a lovely Italian cab driver by the name of Paul pulled up in Hannibal's driveway, he didn't talk too much, and he also didn't have water bottles or mints, in all honestly Will thinks the drive was pretty so-so. He did leave a tip because Paul offered to wait outside whilst he grabbed his stuff and then drive him back to the house, a win is a win, Will thinks, Paul's growing on him (even if the fucker has no mints!!!!).

Will tips his head as a mini thank-you, closing the door and walking up to the porch of his house. Immediately he could hear his dogs barking and scratching at the front door as they

jumped up onto it. He wondered if they knew it was him or if they just associated any human with being fed. He took his car keys out and held up the other set of keys attached to it, two house keys - of course, he has both because he has no one else who needs or wants constant access to his home. He pushed his front door open and was immediately ambushed by a pack of furry creatures, the only kind of ambush that was welcome in Will's life.

"Hi! Hi, yes, it's me!" Will said to the animals that didn't speak English, in his stupidly high-pitched dog voice which he promises no one else will have to hear. He made sure to give them all lots of pets before he moved into his bedroom to pack some clothes. He took a stray bag from his floor and threw in enough clothes to last him a few weeks - he was fine to wear clothes that had been in the washing machine, he assumed that because Hannibal never wore the same suit more than twice, the man just burned them eventually. He shoved in his toothbrush, toothpaste, multiple bottles of aspirin and his phone chargers, as well as a pair of headphones for when Hannibal's accent became too much to handle.

He gave his dogs all two scoops each of some kibble and ran out to Paul again, after locking his front door, who was perfectly happy sitting in his car on his phone when he could be driving around making money. Paul is a very nice man, Will thought, he also hadn't said a word about Will's attire which was akin to a homeless person - so yes, Paul is a very nice man. He sat back in the passenger seat, shoving the bag down by his legs and shutting the door. He put his seatbelt on and then pulled out his own phone after realising he had failed at the one important thing Hannibal had asked him to do today - the others being 'keep yourself busy' and 'look after yourself'.

Will made sure to make small talk with Paul as he drove him back to Hannibal's home, he spent some time holding his phone and looking at the chat log between him and Hannibal, wondering what to say that isn't 'I went home, got stuff, on my way back with Paul, didn't get eaten by dogs'. Then he decides to send that exact message, because it perfectly summarises the scenario which just happened, and because it hurt his brain to think of a good alternative.

He got back all in one piece, thanked Paul and made sure to pay him for the ride back, then grabbed his bag and headed back inside Hannibal's house. He stood in the entryway, wondering if it would be better to put his bag in the guest bedroom or Hannibal's. Why would he put it in Hannibal's? He realised that he only stayed one night because he had a nightmare, and he sure as hell wasn't going to do that again... right? It was a moment of weakness, okay? He just wanted comfort.

But then again, when Hannibal was listing places to nap he did have his own bedroom on the list alongside the guest one. That very well may have been a joke, right? Ah, whatever, the thinks. He decides he'll put it in the guest bedroom and try not to make a big deal about it in his head. He sets it down and then sits on the bed in the guest bedroom, then lays back, then closes his eyes. His brain is far too loud at the moment to sleep, and he decides to instead walk around the house - he's never seen all of it, really, he's never seen much more than the dining room a few times before now.

He sits up with a grunt, taking a walk down the hallway. He finds Hannibal's room, he's been in there, but he hadn't noticed the small study area in the corner, with a desk and bookshelves and other such things you'd find in, well, a study. He closes the door to the bedroom, there

was no need to go poking around in there. Then, Will found another study, this time an entire room dedicated to bookshelves and a large desk in front of an obnoxiously large window - Okay, he gets it, the man likes his books. Will finds a lounge area, with couches and a fireplace and yet again, more bookshelves. This room calls to him in a different way, the umber colour of the couches against the dark grey wooden floors, the blood-red curtains pulled shut, the only light being from several lamps scattered around the room - nice warm, yellowy-orange lights. He stepped inside, the room is so... Hannibal. It's as if he took his very essence and put it into everything that made this room up.

Will quickly found himself inside the room, scanning the bookshelves for something, but they were all pretty boring-sounding to Will. He curled up on the couch in front of the unlit fireplace, next to him was a table with a book and an empty wine glass. Part of him wanted to take it to the sink and clean it for Hannibal, part of him just wanted to sleep. Guess which part won. Will took the blanket from the back of the couch and wrapped himself up in it, snuggling into it. It was warm and thick and it smelled of Hannibal, Will found himself quickly asleep - Comforted by the room and the things inside it that reminded him of the one who saved his life.

Meanwhile, Hannibal was saying his goodbyes to his second-to-last patient of the day. He followed them out to the waiting room and gave them a proper handshake, bowing his head goodbye as they left. He went back inside, pretending not to see Franklyn Froideveaux sitting in one of the chairs and waving at him - he usually was not this rude, but Franklyn itched him in the wrong way, made him uncomfortable as no one else could. He was struggling to find a therapist to hand Franklyn off to, he also didn't have a good enough reason, so until he could come up with one he's have to grin and bear it with Franklin.

He wipes down the desk and tables and sets out a new box of tissues next to the chair that his patients sat in, then he pulled the seat back a bit so he wouldn't have to sit so close to the man - he always leaned so far forwards. Then he decided he'd have to eventually open the door for Franklyn and let him inside, so why not get it over with. He opened the door to the waiting room and ushered Franklyn inside with the wave of his hand and a precursory "Good evening, please come in." before closing it behind the man and then sitting on his seat facing him. Franklyn was someone who he struggled to make eye contact with, when often he was good at it, it didn't make him uncomfortable with anyone else.

Franklyn sat, he didn't say a word. Hannibal leaned back in his seat, his legs crossed, he remembered seeing Franklyn last week at his opera. He wanted to confront the man but he was scared of what the reasoning behind it would be and where the conversation would lead.

"Would you like to discuss our chance encounter?" He asked after the silence became too long, uncomfortably long.

Franklyn chuckled softly. "It wasn't all together by chance," He said, making Hannibal internally cringe. "I kind of- I kind of thought you'd be there, uh, which wasn't why I was there I- I..."

"...I was there because I like that sort of thing," He continued, to which Hannibal nodded and didn't say anything, he just listened as Franklyn spoke. "Uh, it just occurred to me that, that you might like it too." He said with a motion of his hands.

"Infact, I do." Hannibal said with a smile, keeping up his not-at-all-bothered-by-this act.

"I tried to get your attention." Franklyn spoke with another chuckle. Those words made Hannibal cringe yet again, but, of course, he didn't display any of his discomfort as he spoke.

"I was aware of that." He said simply.

"I knew that you were aware," Franklyn pointed his finger as he spoke, trying to mimic Hannibal's believable fake-confidence. "Even though you were pretending that you weren't."

Hannibal shifted in his seat ever so slightly. "It would be unethical to approach a patient," He said in his most professional voice. "All acknowledging in any way our relationship outside this room, until that patient gives consent."

"But I really don't know who you are outside this room." Franklyn said as Hannibal shirted again, adjusting his suit slightly. He couldn't help but think about Will in this moment, it made him angry how Franklyn was so obviously trying to form a deeper relationship when that relationship was supposed to stay professional. Franklyn didn't know if Hannibal had a wife at home, or kids. He didn't, but still, what if he did? Franklyn could be trying to get with someone who's already married or in a relationship! In Hannibal's mind, partly, he was. He was devoted to Will in a way which he had never devoted himself to anyone before, and certainly not Franklyn.

"I'm your psychiatrist." Hannibal said, picking up his pen and opening the notebook on the glass table besides his seat.

"I want you to be my friend-" He immediately set the pen down and let the notebook close.

"Of course you do," Hannibal cut in, re-adjusting his suit once more before leaning back in his chair. "I have intimate knowledge of you."

"And we like the same things, I think that we would make good friends, I- It makes me sad that I have to pay to see you." Franklyn's voice sounds a little bit more panicked as he speaks, he's grasping at straws trying to save this awkward conversation and get Hannibal's professional demeanour to budge, which it wont. Hannibal sighs softly, letting silence fill the air, his hands sitting on his lap as he soaks in the uncomfortable-ness of what Franklyn is telling him. He doesn't just want to be friends, he's too pushy to just want friends. He's too obnoxious, too obsessive, he's not in his right mind, that's clear, why else would he be here? He's borderline, no, he is stalking Hannibal. That revelation makes Hannibal's skin crawl, but he still tried to shut this down.

"I am a source of stability and clarity, Franklyn, I'm not your friend." He says sternly, but not rudely.

"I'm a great friend," Franklyn mutters, continuing louder. "I was listening to, uh, Michael Jackson last night, and I burst into tears, and..." He sighs. "...My eyes are burning right now just thinking about it."

Franklyn leans forward in his chair further, one hand on the arm of the chair and one hand still making his hand motions that he constantly does as he speaks. Hannibal stays quiet, listening.

"You know what I think is the saddest thing about him dying? It's that... I will never get to meet him, and I feel like if I was his friend that I- I would have been able to... help save him from himself." Franklyn continues, this peaks Hannibal's interest from a psychiatrists point of view and he nods, replying carefully.

"In this Michael Jackson fantasy, how is your friendship returned?" He asks.

"I just get to touch greatness."

Chapter End Notes

im sorry its so shit posty hahaha

i think its sweet how the room that reminded will of hannibal helped him sleep<3

i feel in the tv series the reason why hannibal is so unnerved by franklyn is because he saw something in him that was similar to himself and that makes me sad :,)

Touching Greatness

Chapter Summary

Hannibal comes home to find a sleeping Will, instead of waking up he decides to prepare dinner first.

Will takes another shower before bed, mostly by his lonesome.

Mostly.

Chapter Notes

sleeping will!!! cooking hannibal!!

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT COOKING

more shower smut im sorry

writing this right before work i need something to keep me sane probably going to be a short chapter sorry loves

ummm stay safe sane and consensual and eat the rude

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Finally, Franklyn had left and Hannibal was left by his lonesome, but he was quite happy about it in this case. He sorted some things on his desk, took his notes and organised them into the correct files and then looked over his patient list for the next day, memorising it.

With a sigh and an eye roll, he shut the door to his office and threw his bag over his shoulder before walking out to his car in the parking lot. His Black Bentley Arnage was one of the few things in his life that he truly loved - he was not particularly materialistic, his wealth was something he had always had, and he would not consider himself a 'snob' or anything like that. In fact, he quite enjoyed sharing his nice things with others, those who could respect and admire them for their beauty. For Hannibal had always loved beautiful things and beautiful people, no matter what the price tag said - er, not on the people.

Anyway, he opened the driver's seat door and made himself comfortable before flinging his bag onto the passenger seat and then giving it a few pats as an apology for his rudeness. "Forgive me, you know how work can be." He said to the bag, well, he said to himself in the bag's general direction. He was quick to do up his seatbelt and then turn the car on, deciding

to have the radio going so he would have something to drown out the thoughts of Franklin and the fact he's so stressed he just apologised to a bag. It wasn't long before he was home, setting his stuff down by his shoes in the entryway before going to look for Will.

He searched around for the man, taking a glance into each room as he walked past it. In the living room? No. Dining room? Nope. Study? Not there. Guest room? Not there either. Hannibal's room? Definitely not, and not his en-suite either. He almost missed him as he walked past one of the lounges, hardly able to see his small figure curled up and buried under a blanket in the dimly lit room. He stepped inside, walking over to the couch. His eyes immediately went to Will's to see if they were open, which they weren't. His breathing was soft and deep, his lips parted slightly and his warm pink cheeks partially shielded by brown curls.

"Will?" Hannibal said softly, kneeling down and watching as the man stirred slightly, a groan escaping him as he turned over to face away from the person threatening to wake him. Hannibal took this as a sign to leave him be and let him rest, his body was healing after all. He got to his feet, adjusted the blanket so it was fully covering Will and then his impulsive thoughts won as he pressed a kiss to the crown of the sleeping man's head. Hannibal decided he should probably start cooking, as whilst he was looking through the kitchen there were no signs that Will had anything to eat, he did, however, leave a cup in the sink. Hannibal stifles a laugh at the thought of Will forgetting something or being too sleepy to bother.

He shut the lounge door behind him to ensure that Will would not be awoken by the noises of him cooking in the kitchen down the hall. Firstly, Hannibal decided he should get his suit off, or at least the jacket and vest part of it. He does so, hanging them up to be dry cleaned at a later date - now he was left in his suit pants and his button-up, which he rolled up the sleeves of before he walked into the kitchen to set up cooking dinner. He was thinking either Pappardelle Alla Lepre or a simple Black 'Chicken' Soup/Silky 'Chicken', which he assumed that Will would enjoy more, so he settled on that.

He washed his 'chicken' before setting it in a pot on the stove along with some ginger, red dates and some wolfberries. Hannibal then poured about four litres of water into the pot. He let that come to a boil before he began to scoop out any floating things, and then he turned the heat down to a simmer. He added some salt and some chopped green onions along with some coriander. Then Hannibal stirred it and put the lid over it before he went to get Will, all of this took about an hour altogether so Will had plenty of extra rest.

He got to the lounge and pushed the door open to find a partially awake Will, sat up and rubbing his face. As Will turns to look at Hannibal the light from the hallway makes his face illuminate and his brown curls glow ever so slightly, Hannibal finds himself holding his breath at the sight. Will groans and stands up, disregarding the blanket and leaving it messily on the couch in some sort of a ball yet it's flung all over the place?

Hannibal takes Will's hands to steady him, as he can tell the man's seeing stars from standing up so fast. He laughs softly before speaking. "Slept all day, did we?" He says in a teasing tone whilst looking down at the sleepy Will whose eyes are still not completely open.

"Mm, no," Will starts, his own words interrupted by a small yawn. "I got clothes from my house, and put them in the guest room."

Hannibal can't lie, he's a bit upset that Will chose to put his limited wardrobe in the guest bedroom but he also supposes that the only reason stayed with him that one night was because he had a nightmare. Was it awful of him to wish that Will was subject to another one just so he could feel his presence in his bed again? Hannibal thought his bed would feel so different without Will now, he felt as though he'd not be able to get to sleep himself without the body heat of this little man - maybe he should say something?

"Ah, alright," He says before he's forced a sympathy yawn because of Will's. "You can always move them into my room." He says without thinking about the connotations of it, and he's now fully aware that he has sent both himself and Will into a full-blown fluster. He clears his throat before continuing. "I mean, if you have more nightmares. Or just in general, might be better to be close to me whilst you heal. In case... In case you need me for something, yeah?" Hannibal finishes, but Will doesn't say anything in response - his sleepy brain is probably still processing the first parts of this conversation and lagging behind.

Hannibal leads Will out into the hall, his nostrils immediately flooded with the delicious smell of what Hannibal has cooked on the stove. That seems to perk Will up enough to pull his hands away from Hannibal's and to have him walk into the kitchen on his own, ahead of tonight's chef. Will rubs the sleep from his eyes and rocks back and forth on his heels slightly as Hannibal pours him some soup into a bowl with a ladle, passing it to him with a spoon and waving him into the dining room where he sits for a few moments, waiting for Hannibal to join him before he begins to eat the meal presented to him.

"It's really good, thank you." Will says, which partially surprises Hannibal because he was fully expecting this to be a silent meal whilst Will's brain adjusted to being awake - but maybe Hannibal hadn't given Will enough credit for how fast his brain is. He really should be used to his by now.

"Of course," Hannibal said between mouthfuls of soup, making sure to swallow before he spoke. "Chicken soup is for people on the mend, much like yourself."

Will laughed at this, his hand coming up to prevent chicken soup from spraying out of his nose. He collects himself and apologises. Whether he laughed because of Hannibal's tone or because he was shocked at the idea of someone caring about him enough to plan a whole meal around him was unbeknownst to the both of them. This sight was quite funny for Hannibal to see, he found himself swooning over the domesticity of this - he wouldn't mind feeding Will every morning and night for the rest of his life - speaking of, how long was Will here for?

"How long do you have off work?" Hannibal asks, not commenting on Will's little outburst.

"I have four weeks off..." Will starts, he makes it seem as if he's going to stop but then he adds more in a faster, bit more panicked voice. "...I can always go home after a week or- or something, like, um, if you don't want to put up with me for that long, it's- it's like a whole month!" Will laughs awkwardly, then decides he should probably shut up. He stares down at his half-eaten soup, moving his spoon through it to create little waves, distracting himself with the way it moves the green onions around.

"I enjoy 'putting up with you', Will." Hannibal said with a small smile, his words held meaning and genuine emotion of care, even if he was slightly teasing in his delivery.

Will seemed to become a bit flustered at that, his hands moving to hold each other in his lap, his eyes moving to them.

"Are you finished with your meal?" Hannibal spoke again, as Will did not look like he was going to.

Will nodded in reply before he stood and took his bowl into the kitchen, getting rid of the soup he did not eat and putting the bowl in the sink. He then came back and took Hannibal's before washing them both and putting them away. There were no other dishes, as Hannibal always tidied as he cooked. Will was thankful for this, he hated doing dishes, but he'd promised himself he'd always do them for Hannibal, it was the least he could do for the man.

Will found he was already quite sleepy again, he looked down at his attire and realised he was wearing the same pajamas from last night, he cringed as he remembered how Paul first looked at him. He should probably shower and change into some of his own pajamas instead of this pair of Hannibal's that is probably way more expensive than anything Will owns. Hannibal's hand on his shoulder snaps him out of his thoughts, god, he swears that man can teleport. He turns on his heel to face Hannibal, his back presses to the kitchen counter. Hannibal's hand was now at his side and his body was stupidly close to Will's, causing him to fluster again.

Will cursed himself for how easily Hannibal could make him feel this warmth pooling in his stomach, and be completely unknowing of the fact. He wonders if he ever makes Hannibal feel that way, and then gets a bit sad when he wonders if he's ever made ANYONE feel that way. He looks up at Hannibal, his eyes settling on his right eyebrow. Almost his eyes, almost, but not quite.

"Um, I'm going to shower, I think-" Will was stopped mid sentence by Hannibal's cutting in, which usually he wouldn't do as it's considered quite rude.

"Do you want me to help you?" Is what Hannibal abruptly asks.

Will thinks on it for a few moments. It would be hard to wash himself properly as he'd have to move around and stretch and strain his wound, and he'd be worried about getting soap in the wound, but he did not want Hannibal to... Well, he did. He did want him to touch him, in any way, really, it didn't have to be the same way he touched him in the bathtub. Will also thought he didn't want to be all flustered and embarrassed around Hannibal, as he was awake and had all of his blood this time.

"I'd like to try to shower myself, if that's okay. Could you stay in the bathroom, or- or outside of the bathroom?" Will thought this was for the best, he'd like at least some of his independence back. He feels like he's been relying on Hannibal too much, even though he was on the brink of death and his relying is perfectly justified.

Will found himself being lead to the en-suite bathroom in Hannibal's room, and he also found himself being partially undressed by Hannibal - partially because he got his shirt off and Will

grabbed his wrist before he could reach for his pajama pants, just a bit shocked. He apologises quietly, which Hannibal nods to, he completely understands that Will's mind is a bit all over the place, and he leans against the sink, facing away, and he lets Will undress himself. The shower is then turned on and Will stands in just his boxers until the room gets steamy. He steps in and shuts the shower door behind him.

Hannibal keeps his eyes locked on the other side of the room until he hears the interrupted splashing of the water as it falls off Will's body. He turns back, only just able to make out Will's body due to the foggy shower door. Oh my, he's breathtaking, Hannibal thinks to himself as his breath is literally taken and he has to switch on manual breathing. His eyes strain to focus on Will's body; the way his hair curls and sticks to his neck and forehead when it's wet, the perfect shape of his slender waist, the way he moves so carefully to not have his wound be directly sprayed by the hot water. Will makes little noises as he stretches to wash himself, quiet pained groans at each movement. Hannibal feels a hot flush come to his cheeks as he watches the man wash himself, his entire mind and body screaming at him to get in the shower with the now dampened William.

Upon seeing Will lean against the shower wall and hearing a pained whine escape the man, he decides to listen to his mind and body. Hannibal pulls his shirt off and his pants, keeping his boxers on so as to not frighten Will (not that his dick was frightening, just that Will was supposedly heterosexual and the only penises he'd ever seen were his own and the occasional boy's locker room fiasco) and then he stepped inside the shower behind him, hands gently grabbing that slender waist and helping him to his feet. His skin was so soft, Hannibal thought, it was something he couldn't get enough of and couldn't tire of, Will's warmth, his softness, it was so perfect.

Will was a little bit startled, moving to cover himself up as if Hannibal had not seen (and felt) it before. Instead of doing what Hannibal wanted to do in that moment, he took some soap and gently washed the parts of Will that Will could not do himself. His hands trailed up and down his sides, his legs, his back, oh, so tenderly. He didn't go near where Will's hands were cupping his cock, sheilding it from Hannibal's eyes and touch. He was a little bit concerned that Will was uncomfortable and having trouble voicing it, but seeing the redness of his cheeks and the way his eyes shut gently when Hannibal caressed him, he was sure this wasn't the case. He was even more sure when Will removed his hands from between his legs and instead moved to wash his hair, of course, Hannibal took a glance at it, of course he did, how could he not have? It was half-hard and he wasn't entirely certain that Will wanted it to be anymore so, as he wasn't saying anything, maybe the poor man just wanted a shower and some rest... But how could he rest with his dick being so needy? Hannibal's heart almost stopped at the thought of Will having to look after it himself, so his hand slowly trailed down and stroked Will's base.

His breathing hitched immediately, his back pressing against Hannibal's chest - Hannibal responded by positioning his head over Will's shoulder so he could see what he was doing to him. In the bath he could somewhat see, but his view was disturbed by bubbles and murky bathwater, now he was able to see himself properly, see what he was doing to Will. He could feel himself growing hard in his soggy boxers as Will did, his cock pressed against his soft ass. No, this moment was about Will, he thought, he could always jerk himself off later - Will clearly did not share this belief, as he gently grabbed Hannibal's wrist, ceasing his

movements on his dick. He slowly turned them, switching their positions and pressing Hannibal's back against the shower wall, assisting him out of his soaked boxers, letting them sit sadly on the shower floor.

Will took a moment to look down at Hannibal's cock, it stood tall, almost painfully so as Hannibal watched Will's thought process. Will had never had any experience with men, or so Hannibal believed, he hoped Will wasn't too freaked out in this moment by his sexuality crisis - and Will didn't seem to be, because his hand met Hannibal's cock and he gently stroked his thumb over the underside, his hand wrapped around the entire thing. Then his thumb met the sensitive head, pushing back the skin a little bit to feel all of Hannibal with his fingers. He was still looking at it, a complete look of awe in his eyes, which Hannibal found quite amusing in all honesty.

During all of this, Hannibal was holding his breath, stifling multiple moans that seemed too obscene for the simple and gentle way Will was touching him - he couldn't help it, something about the man simply made him come undone, like fresh china against cold kitchen tiling or a ball of yarn down a particularly large hill. He tilted his head back, letting the shower water hit him in the face - he wanted to watch what Will was doing, to see the look in his eyes, but he was already finding it hard to control himself, his hips thrust upwards in Will's hand and a little half-whine erupted from him, which shocked the man so much he pulled away for a moment. It wasn't long before his hand was back, though, wrapped around his cock and gently stroking him up and down, oh, he was so sweet, so gentle. Hannibal couldn't help but thrust into his hand a few more times, craving more, always more. Will was happy to oblige, but not by much, speeding up his strokes and holding Hannibal a bit tighter, causing his eyelids to flutter closed.

"Ah, Will..." Hannibal breathed as he felt a warmness against his tip. His eyes opened and he looked down to see Will so beautifully on his knees, one hand still on the base of Hannibal's cock and the other settled on his hip, his tongue pressed flat against the sensitive slit. Hannibal moved his hand into Will's wet hair, just stroking it and playing with it as encouragement, he'd let Will take this as slow as he needs. Will licked up and down the slit, then down the underside of Hannibal's cock to meet his hand at the base of it, before trailing back up and wrapping his lips around the head. Will's movements were so perfect, every little stroke, every lick, every press of his tongue caused Hannibal to gasp and moan quietly, and Will's face heated up further at every noise.

He licked around and gently sucked at the tip, eliciting sharp breathes from Hannibal now, as this was already far too much - usually Hannibal had amazing self control and great stamina in bed, but not with Will, not like this. Will's hand gently stroked Hannibal up and down, and it took about eight of these for precum to leak into Will's mouth, which, to Hannibal's surprise, Will didn't have any reaction to, he simply continued what he was doing - Hannibal assumed Will was quite focused on the task at hand, literally, at hand. Hannibal couldn't help but take multiple mental snapshots of Will on his knees like this, to be stored in the memory palace, of course. He was certain he'd have Will this way again, but there is nothing quite like a first.

Will sped up his strokes, his licking and sucking becoming less gentle as he pressed his tongue to Hannibal's tip and let precum dribble down his throat. Hannibal's grip tightened in

Will's hair as he could feel himself getting closer, this only provided incentive for Will, obviously good incentive as he began to stroke even faster. Hannibal became a mess of hand-covered moans and gasps and soft whines as he held himself back from thrusting into Will's wet, hot mouth - he knew Will most likely was not ready for that, and hadn't done it before. Still, this alone was enough to have him cumming, his hips moving forward ever so slightly as he came all over Will's tongue. It seemed Will had no idea what to do with it for a moment, he let it sit there before he pulled away, tilted his head down and swallowed it, then licked a little bit left behind on Hannibal's spent cock, causing the man to groan in overstimulation, which made Will giggle.

Hannibal thought about returning the favour, about having Will in his mouth, making him feel things he'd never felt before. Despite his need to look after Will, there was the want to be rough with him, give him all the pleasure he could ask for and more, just so Hannibal could see his reactions and hear his sweet noises, to see his boy in so much pleasure he doesn't know what to do with himself, to see him cry from overstimulation.

But Will was quite fine with none of this.

Will stood and finished washing himself up, as well as assisting in washing Hannibal a little bit whilst he was stuck in his thoughts. He turned off the shower and gave Hannibal a towel to dry off, as well as drying himself off in the same manner before wringing out the wet boxers and chucking them into the washing basket to worry about later. Will was only focused on one thing, and that was getting some sleep. He was so invested in visiting dreamland that his cock had completely forgotten it was hard, and his brain had completely forgotten that he had just stroked and licked another man's cock. He'd have his identity crisis later, as if he'd never had an identity crisis before (his entire time knowing Hannibal had been one prolonged identity crisis) and probably panic about what he'd done.

Hannibal dried himself off, watching Will as he did the same and then watching him as he left the bathroom, assumingly to go to the guest room to get changed. Hannibal walked out of his en-suite and into his closet, changing into some non-wet boxers and some pajama shorts before settling into bed with a book and his lampshade on beside him. About ten to fifteen minutes passed before Will showed up again, he was in some of his own pajamas that he had brought from home, a shame, Hannibal thought, he looked so adorable in the oversized pajamas Hannibal gave him. Oh well, Hannibal was sure he'd see Will in them again.

Will donned some fluffy light grey pajama pants, and that was it. He didn't have a shirt on and Hannibal could see quite clearly how the wound was healing, or preparing to heal, was a better statement. Will sat next to him, and Hannibal was intrigued - he leaned forward, setting his book down on the bed beside him and he gently touched the area of skin next to the wound, feeling Will's warm flesh. Will audibly hissed and swatted Hannibal's hand away, which made him chuckle. He picked up his book and patted the spot right next to him, under the covers. It took Will a moment but he obliged, sitting under the blankets with his thigh pressed to Hannibal's as he picked up his book and began to read it again.

Will seemed perfectly fine with this, laying down a bit more to get comfortable, he then turned away from Hannibal and his eyes closed. Hannibal had suspected that Will just wanted to sleep, and that he probably didn't want to go to bed alone after the intimate moment that

the two men just shared. He had suspected correct as Will began to drift off. Hannibal's hand moved to Will's side and he gently stroked it, his other hand holding up his book as he continued to read it.

Will fell asleep to the soothing motions of Hannibal's hand against his pasty flesh, and about half an hour later Hannibal decided it was about time for him to get some shut-eye as well. He set his book down on the beside table before turning the lamp off and laying down properly under the covers. He wrapped his arms around Will, pressing his smaller body close to his chest. He was careful of the wound, as he always was, he never wanted to hurt Will... Or at least not anymore.

As he drifted into sleep himself, that's what he thought about. For a little bit, Will had just been a pawn in this game of chess he calls life, he was going to frame him for murders and not bat an eye when eventually he got the death sentence - but now, even thinking about things like that made his heart ache. It was a dull ache, loneliness always was. None of that mattered, he had Will in his arms now, safe, alive, healthy. He wanted to keep him all of those things and more, Will was not something to be used, Will was something to be cherished and worshiped and taken care of. Will was something that gave him a purpose, someone who made him feel things he never thought he'd be able to feel, someone who he loved, and loved dearly. Will was someone who understood him, could see life the way he did - could understand the minds of sick and ruthless individuals with no beauty to their killing, so surely, Will could see the beauty in his?

Surely, Will could see that what he was doing was an art. These people were simply no better than farm animals, they deserved to be used as so. Hannibal snuggles closer, pressing his nose into Will's thick, half-dry curls and inhaling the clean smell. He could hear every time Will's lungs filled and then emptied, he could see the rise and fall of his chest, feel the beating of his heart, all of his senses were flooded with Will. He decided right there and then that this was it, this was what he wanted, what he needed. The feeling he felt with Will was not a need to consume, abuse or take. It was a feeling to envelop, to nurture and to hold. Now that he was able to do these things, he basked in it. He bathed in the knowing of what this feeling finally was. It was love, true love. The kind of love you hear about in fairy tales with a beautiful sword swinging prince and a princess being held over a boiling pot in a forest, a damsel in distress. Will was no damsel, but he was in distress when he came to Hannibal, maybe he thought Hannibal was his prince?

Hannibal found that his mind was wandering now, and it was far too active for him to fall asleep at this rate. He took another deep inhale of Will's scent mixed with the cleanliness of the shower, it helped him to think about nothing but this sweet man. Nothing but his beautiful face, his beautiful personality, his beautiful body, and... Oh, the snapshots in the shower. Hannibal grinned to himself, that would be a fun conversation - But a conversation for the morning nonetheless. He let himself go, his breathing matching Will's steady, deep ones, his heartbeat almost perfectly syncing with Will's as the two fell asleep together for the second night in a row.

And hopefully many more to come.

Chapter End Notes

WOOOO SHOWER SMUTTT

SORRY ABOUT IT ITS TOO EASY<33333

heterosexual my ass will graham

A Nightmare

Chapter Summary

Will has a nightmare.

Hannibal is well aware what it is before Will is.

(Filler Chapter)

Chapter Notes

just a filler, don't want this story to dieeee!!!

only like 1300 words, im sorry<3

been so unmotivated, but really wanted to get something out

no smut

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke up in a sweat.

He'd had a nightmare - one unlike any he'd ever had before.

He was out in the rain, his brown curls sticking to his neck and forehead yet he was so content that this wasn't as much of a sensory issue as it would usually be for him. He'd had his eyes closed, arms around himself with his hands tucked into his armpits, his head tilted back so cold drops of rain were able to crash against his eyelids. He was perfectly happy, for the first time in forever, he had managed to quieten his mind, no thoughts, only the feeling of the rain and the chill down his spine. He had no idea how he got there, opening his eyes he appeared to be standing in the dark, where there was only a reflection of the large full moon against the puddles of water pooling at his feet - nothing else for miles, not that he could see miles away, his vision was limited to this endless yet claustrophobic empty space he currently inhabited.

He felt a presence, one other than his own, one that clouded his mind, and filled it with doubt, fear and guilt. He felt sharp teeth sinking into him, his sides, pulling him away from the comfort of the rain, forcing his dark red blood to meet with the moonlit waters covering the ground - the water he was being dragged through. The writhed in an attempt to attack the best, hitting, punching, clawing any way he can. He knew he needed to fight back, he needed

to try. Will didn't have a will to live at the best of times, but the need to know what was gnawing at him was gnawing at his insides and crawling out of his throat as he finally yelled:

"STOP!"

All of a sudden, strong arms were around him again, ones that felt oddly like the teeth that had sunken into his sides and dragged him away - So he panicked, he kicked and clawed and hit... But these arms relented. He was released and he threw himself out of the bed, panting and sweaty with a terrified look in his eyes as he looked at a very confused and half-awake Hannibal laying in bed with a rather large scratch down his arm - whoops.

"Will... William, you're awake now. I'm here," Hannibal spoke, using the name 'William' as an attempt to ground Will, but it didn't feel as comforting or grounding to Will as Hannibal's words usually did. No. It felt like a lie. He felt like all Hannibal said were lies, everything, he was just a beast who wanted to sink his teeth into him! But... He wasn't. It was just a bad dream, right? Hannibal wouldn't kill a fly if it landed on his freshly cooked braised lamb, he wouldn't even think of hurting anyone. Will took a deep breath and shook his head, pushing all of his negative emotions down and allowing himself to smile at Hannibal. He tried his darnedest to shut off his empathy, his gut screaming at him to run.

Hannibal smiled back, but the sight of his teeth caused Will to feel even worse - he remembered his nightmare, remembered what those teeth felt like, remembered how at peace he was before it was stripped away from him and now he's here... He never should have fallen for the idea that he could get a moment of peace!

Stop it Will, you're safe. He told himself, he felt like such an idiot for being so dramatic over a simple nightmare. He was with Hannibal, who literally saved his life, who has been nothing but kind and... intimate to him, who he's known for a while now. He took another deep breath and sat down on the bed, starting to feel awful as his sweat cooled and he could feel his shirt sticking to his skin. He fidgeted with his hands in his lap.

"I'm alright now, sorry, I thought you were... someone else," Will said, not wanting to give too much detail.

Hannibal shifted closer, placing a comforting hand on Will's knee, tracing little circles on it with his thumb - and it worked, Will could feel himself growing much more comfortable, feeling safe with Hannibal. The way he felt was as if he was with a dangerous monster, but not a dangerous monster that was a threat to him. A dangerous monster that was a threat to anyone that wasn't him, and he begin to wonder if it is morally correct to be comforted by that idea. Oh well.

"That's quite alri-"

"I hurt you," Will cut in, his hand moving to the scratch down Hannibal's arm, it was small, it was only his fingernails dragging against Hannibal's skin, but he still felt awful for having done this to the man he... uh, cares about. Hannibal's face softened, even more than it was already soft, and the way he looked at Will was with nothing but affection and care - Will could no longer see any of that same beast he could smell all over him earlier.

"Will, you did no such thing," Hannibal started, placing his hand overtop Will's. "They are superficial, and barely so, do not worry about it. I am more concerned about you than a slight scratch, Will, a kitten could have done worse," He says, half-rambling and also somewhat teasing Will, but all in the name of good fun and also an attempt to keep him grounded and here as he appears to be dissociating or thinking about his nightmare again.

"You're right, sorry," Will says dismissively, as if those three words would stop Hannibal from pressing further.

Hannibal's hand takes Will's from his arm, holding it gently, as if it were made from glass. His fingers intertwine with Will's and he finds himself pulling the man closer, no longer only for Will's sake. He knew, even without Will saying, he knew. Even without Will knowing that he knows, he knew. Sooner or later, he'd understand, he'd see it clear as day, and now Hannibal had to make the tough decision whether or not he was going to allow this to happen.

He loved Will.

He knew that. But did Will love him? Or love him enough to love the things he finds himself doing behind closed doors (murder, not masturbation)? He needed to make him, or at least make him feel like he could trust Hannibal. For he'd never hurt Will, he could put his feet up on the couch and rest his elbows on the dining room table all he wanted and Hannibal could still never, ever do what he does to these pigs to Will. Even if he has thought of it multiple times, even though it would be the most obvious and easiest answer, he could not kill Will.

Hannibal presses his forehead against Will's, needing to be closer. This whole situation made his heart hurt but he's well aware that he cannot keep the charade up forever.

"I would never hurt you, Will, you know that?" Hannibal says.

"But you wanted to- you- you want to," Will replies with, his hand tightening around Hannibal's and his voice becoming slightly shaky as he says the words he's been thinking out loud and suddenly they've become a lot more real.

"Yes, but even if that is so, I never would," Hannibal's tone is a lot softer now when he hears the distress in Will's voice.

Will presses their lips together for a moment. It's no longer than a few seconds, and in those seconds time seems to cease and continue, slow and speed up, as though the two are trapped in one endless moment of together-ness. It's a kiss, but it's not just a kiss. Hannibal can taste Will's desperation, smell his need for comfort. It makes Hannibal uneasy, but the soft lips pressed to his own also feel warm, because Will is warm.

Warm and alive.

And that is how it should be.

Chapter End Notes

hope this isnt cringe and weird!! lmk please<3 comments appreciated and ADORED

UNEDITED

Warm and Alive

Chapter Summary

Will battles with thoughts about turning Hannibal in to the police when he realises his true identity: The Chesapeake Ripper.

Hannibal battles his own thoughts too because he's not planning a trip to Florence any time soon. He'd much rather take a more hands-on approach to the situation.

They do exactly that, but not in the way Hannibal is usually hands-on.

Chapter Notes

smut warning!!!

hoping to be at least 3k words, last chapter was a doozy, sorry.

gonna attempt my best smut but warning i am caffeine-fueled and sleep deprived!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The kiss was wonderful, well, of course, it was, Hannibal thinks, it was with Will.

Will, on the other hand, didn't understand what that kiss meant. Why did he kiss Hannibal? Why did it feel so right yet so wrong? It made him wish for more yet his heart screamed at him and he felt sick to the stomach at the idea of what the man he was kissing has done. This man has eaten people with the same lips he had his own pressed to, and Will felt as though he could throw up but... He doesn't, because he simply doesn't.

He pulls away, quick to wipe his lips out of view of Hannibal - who seems to be doing the opposite, savouring the sweet taste that Will had left behind on his lips.

"Will, I-" Hannibal starts, unable to finish due to Will's abrupt cutting in.

"You're The Chesapeake Ripper," Is what he says. It's not a question, but it is spoken as if it is one, and one that he hopes the answer to will be in the negative. He doesn't get a proper answer to his non-question, but he gets a small sigh from the man sitting beside him. It's a thoughtful sigh and it's clear that Hannibal is thinking of the best way to go about this, what his answer should be, how he should word it, and what the correct tone for this situation is. Will is quick to continue to speak before Hannibal's thoughts can catch up, he's beginning to ramble because everything is finally piecing together and it's overwhelming, the feeling of

finally understanding something. It had always been a feeling, an inkling, an afterthought, a little voice in the back of his head that tried it's hardest to warn Will whenever Hannibal was near. Even his empathy managed to pick up on it, the coldness that was behind the older man's otherwise collected and proper demeanour, especially when someone pushed in front of him in line or worded something particularly rudely.

"You're The Chesapeake Ripper!" Will repeats. "How has it taken me this long to see? Of course, you are! That makes so much sense, you come into my life at the exact time The Ripper does, you always make those stupid cannibal jokes and you're just... you've got that heir of, well, killer, I suppose, about you," He continues, standing up to pace a little bit as he speaks every thought that enters his mind, vocalising his thought process.

"Will..." Hannibal says softly, but upon seeing the way the man is pacing, his voice grows sterner - he needs to be able to make sure Will isn't going to make any stupid spur-of-the-moment decisions. He did not want to be booking flights to Florence, it's a bad time of year for that, and he would rather keep his cozy life here with Will that he was getting quite used to. "Will. I am not going to lie to you, but you need to sit and calm down, you're still jumpy from your nightmare," He says with soft eyes and a cold voice with a hint of the soothingness he always tries to use when talking to Will.

"Jumpy from my nightmare?" Will says, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion and possibly a bit of frustration. "I'm jumpy because the man I gave head to a couple of hours ago is a serial killer, Hannibal, my nightmare is actually quite comforting compared to this new information," He says with that classic sassy-Will tone. It amuses Hannibal just as much as it annoys him, the demeaning tone managing to get under his skin a little bit.

He stands before he can think about it and before his brain allows him to do otherwise, and he's quickly got his hands on Will again - offering a firm yet comforting grip on the man's hips, giving them a small squeeze before he replies. "Will, I'm not going to hurt you," He reinstates his words from earlier, his face diving into the thick brown curls atop Will's head and pressing into it lovingly... As well as smelling the shampoo on Will's hair, it's very good to know that the man is scented with his own fancy shampoos and no longer that ship-on-the-bottle aftershave. He finds himself pressing a kiss to the soft locks before pulling away to continue speaking. "What part of all of this is the hardest for you?" He asks, his voice softer and more understanding than ever, if Will were anyone else he would have been gutted by now - but there was no way that was happening, not unless Will acted on his obvious thoughts to turn Hannibal in.

"All of it," Will states simply. "You're a cannibal and a killer and you're the first person in years I've found myself capable of... of loving, and I was only just managing to accept that," He explains, his voice shaky yet seeming to smooth out when one of Hannibal's slides up from his hip to his back, holding him in a gentle embrace.

Hannibal feels his heart hurt, it's something he hasn't felt in a long time, probably not since Mischa. He feels awful for not being able to be Will's safe place and he's now worried about the possibility that Will may not be able to grow to accept his cannibalistic tendencies. His arms tighten around the now-shaking smaller man, and he feels as though he's at a complete loss for words. Is there anything he can say to make Will feel better?

What if there's no coming back from this? Could it be possible that this is where this ends? Does he have to let Will go?

"Mylimasis," He starts, pressing Will's sweaty body against himself, but not minding it one bit. "Surely some part of you understands it? Why I do it? I am not some cold-blooded killer, Will, these people are no better than pigs," Hannibal is scrambling for words, trying to explain himself. It makes sense in his mind but now that he's forced to explain the inner workings of his mind to someone, he's unsure of how to go about it. The hand that remains on Will's hip slips under the waistband of his pajama pants, and then his boxers, gently and soothingly rubbing at the man's bare hip bone, and it seems to have soothed Will somewhat because he feels comfortable enough to wrap his arms around Hannibal - as before they were awkwardly at his sides.

Will doesn't say anything, so Hannibal takes that as a go-ahead to keep explaining himself.

"Killing must feel good to god, too," His voice is softer and sweeter than it ever has been before, and it's barely louder than a whisper as he speaks to Will with nothing but compassion and love, wanting- No, needing him to understand. "He does it all the time, and are we not created in his image?" His fingers gently pressed into Will's backside, his palm resting on the man's hipbone - he wasn't sure why, but he needed Will to know that he was here and that he was putting in the effort to stay here.

"That depends who you ask..." He says with a quiet breath out, Hannibal can feel the flush that comes to his cheeks even if he can't currently see it and he can hear the fluster in Will's tone of voice. He's so easy to read, or at least to Hannibal, he is.

"Mm, I suppose it does," Hannibal replies, his stomach growing warm as Will's face moves up to look at him. Hannibal's voice is low, almost sultry as the mood begins to shift and his worries begin to clear - Will wasn't going anywhere.

Will's soft pink lips press against Hannibal's and once again, it feels like time slows, stops, speeds up and never existed all at once. The kiss is the sweetest thing he's ever tasted, Will's lips are warm and alive and they feel perfect pressing against his own. It's not long before Will's hands come up and grasp Hannibal's cheeks, pulling him closer and forcing their lips together for longer, but Hannibal certainly isn't complaining - in fact, quite the opposite. His tongue pushes against Will's lips and it's accepted inside, his lips parting to let Hannibal in.

Will's mouth is warm and it feels wonderful for Hannibal to feel their spit mixing together, to feel Will's tongue swirling around his. He runs his tongue along Will's teeth, and his hands begin to move whilst he does so - gently pushing Will's pajama pants down and simultaneously pressing him back onto the bed. Will is now laying on his back on the bed, his pajama pants at his knees and Hannibal breaks apart from the kiss to pull them off properly. He leans over, pressing a chaste kiss to Will's lips before moving his own lips down to the sweet man's neck. One, two, three kisses and he's at Will's collarbone.

He doesn't kiss his chest, as much as he'd love to, Will's wound has just started healing and he doesn't want to remind him of its existence. He comes back up to Will's lips, his tongue pressing into Will's mouth again, and shortly after he breaches his lips, he feels Will's hands at his hips. Will returns the favour and he pulls Hannibal's pajama pants down as much as he

can in the position he's in, making a little whining noise as Hannibal pulls away to take them off completely. He knows that he can't have both, but a perfect world for him would be one where he can.

His hands grasp at Hannibal's, a little moan escaping them both as Hannibal presses their clothed cocks together, thrusting a few times against Will so they can each feel each other's growing hardness. He leans over again and kisses Will's cheek, brushing his lips to the man's ear before speaking quietly.

"You're beautiful like this, Mylimasis," He whispers, his voice sounding warm and gentle. He means it, too, he's spent a lot of time thinking about the moment when he'd finally be able to have Will underneath him, being able to see and hear his moans with nothing stifling them. And oh, God, it feels amazing to be able to have his cock against Will's - to be able to feel all of him in such an intimate way, he can't help but want more of him.

Will doesn't respond with anything but a soft 'Mm', his hands moving to the waistband of Hannibal's boxers. His fingers fidget with it and his thumbs slip past the waistband, slowly pulling them down, to which Hannibal obliges and assists Will in this before moving to take the other man's boxers off as well.

And once they are, oh my.

He'd seen Will's dick before, a handful of times (all of them being within the past few days) but none of those compared to how he was seeing it now. Will's cock looks almost painfully hard, the tip of it almost swollen and leaking a small amount of pearlescent yet transparent white fluid. Hannibal's cock was similar in the way that it was also quite hard, but it wasn't as eager to spill it's fluid as Will's is.

He presses himself forwards, his cock rubbing against Will's and quickly his hand wraps around both of them and he's thrusting gently. Moans fall from Will's lips and Hannibal keeps himself quiet (other than the occasional grunt or loud breath) so he's able to hear all of the little noises the younger man is able to make. It's hard to keep himself at a steady pace, especially with the sticky fluid that beaded at Will's tip now dribbling all over both of their cocks.

Will's face is hot and he looks a bit embarrassed at how eager his cock is for Hannibal's touch, but Hannibal couldn't be happier about it - and he secretly hopes that Will's cock never stops reacting like this for him. His poor boy, he's got his eyes closed and his lips parted so his moans can freely fall from his lips. He looks like he's never felt so much pleasure before, and that leaves Hannibal wondering if Will has ever done this with anyone else.

He continues to thrust against Will's cock, watching as the man's hands grip at the bedsheets - Oh, he was going to take him to new places, make him feel pleasure like he never has before, watch him come undone at every new part of himself he shows him. With those thoughts, Hannibal's hips slow to a stop and his hand releases their cocks. He can hear Will's heavy breathing and his is quite the same, but he doesn't want this to be all they do, so as much as it pains him to stop rubbing against Will, he does.

"Will," He whispers, leaning over to speak against Will's ear again. His voice is shaky and he swears intimacy has never felt this good with anyone else. Hannibal's hand moves to Will's lower stomach, fingers moving to wrap around Will's cock again, giving him a few loving pumps as he watches the man's sweet reactions - little moans at the simplest of touches, he loves how reactive Will can be, and he'll never get enough of it.

"You understand that I'll never hurt you, right?" He asks, his fingers dancing down lower, brushing against Will's balls and then gently pressing against his perineum - just to let him know he's there and what his words mean.

Will's eyes widen slightly at the feeling, a soft grunt escaping him. He trusts Hannibal, definitely, and he's no longer able to see him as a killer. Just Hannibal, his Hannibal. The man clearly knows what he's doing, he's clearly experienced and he's done nothing but care about Will's safety and pleasure, so why not? Why not try it out?

"Yes," Will breathes. "Yes, I understand, I want... I want this," He says as his grip loosens on the bedsheets, but he's still bracing for whatever comes after he's said those words. Hannibal smiles at Will's clear answer and he reaches over to his bedside table, opening the draw and taking out a small bottle of lube. Will eyes it and his breathing hitches a little as he hears the cap popping open, his breath hitching again when he feels Hannibal's cool, lube-covered fingers against his hole.

He tenses up, eyes closing tightly, he's so scared, he knows that this has got to hurt - Look at Hannibal's cock compared to his fingers! It was going to be a big stretch no matter how they went about it. Hannibal's other hand grabs Will's thigh, pulling him closer to the edge of the bed and then pressing himself closer so Will's legs are open properly and slightly lifted, the perfect position as he gently eases one finger inside Will's tense hole.

"Mylimasis," He almost purrs as he speaks, amazed at Will's sweet reaction to just one finger. Will's head tips back, most likely because of the new feeling of his hole being stretched out. "You need to relax, it will make all of this much easier," He adds, his voice still gentle and soothing as he moves that singular finger around, searching for-

"Ah!" Will's breath hitches in his throat and his noise comes out as a harsh moan, his eyes opening wide. He hadn't felt anything but a slight uncomfortable stretch until Hannibal found that spot inside of him, and Will didn't even know he could feel that good. Noises continue to fall from his lips as Hannibal pumps his finger inside Will, pulling the thick digits out about half way before plunging them back inside and making sure to hit that sweet spot each time.

"There you go..." He praises as he feels Will's hole relax around him, his other hand moving to Will's lower abdomen to gently rub it with his thumb and warm it with his hand. Will's cock leaks precum and Hannibal is so pleased that he's able to make him feel so good. A couple more slow pumps of his finger and he pulls it out, pouring lube on two of his fingers before gently tapping them against Will's rim to let him know what's coming.

The little noises that come from Will as Hannibal's two fingers press inside of him are so sweet, they're whiny as well and Hannibal is sure that the stretch is beginning to hurt him a little bit, but it's nothing Will can't take. As soon as the two are completely inside, he doesn't move them - instead allowing Will to adjust, he can feel the sweet man's hole clenching

around his fingers and desperately trying to get used to the feeling of having something inside of it.

Hannibal didn't particularly care if Will was unable to take his cock tonight, he could see that the man wanted to and he can see that he was trying to adjust for him. Hannibal knows that his cock is above average and definitely thicker than the two fingers Will is struggling to take at the moment, but he could certainly spend days fingerfucking Will open until he was comfortable enough to take his entire cock. He spreads his fingers apart inside of Will, watching as his face turns bright red and a loud moan escapes him at the sudden stretch - he knows it was cruel to do, but Will's reaction was too cute for him to feel bad about it.

"I'm sorry, Mylima, you're just too adorable," He says affectionately, leaning over to nuzzle Will's cheek and in the process almost folding him in half. He begins to pump his fingers in and out of Will, spreading them when they're in completely and curling them enough to hit the man's prostate - which he has now memorised the location of, and he would certainly never forget. Will's only response to Hannibal's apology is a small whine and his hands gripping the bedsheets more, his cock seemingly leaking a never-ending amount of precum. His moans are shaky and breathy and his lips are parted ever so slightly to better control his breathing.

When Hannibal sees the state that Will's in, he decides it would be far too cruel to push the man further. His cockhead is swollen and leaking all over the place, his chest rising and falling shakily and his face looks sweaty and hot - he is so beautiful in his pleasure, Hannibal thinks. He would love to see him like this more often.

His hand moves from Will's abdomen to his cock, pressing his thumb to the leaky tip before bringing the coated finger up to his lips, licking away the bland-yet-salty substance. It doesn't matter what it tastes like, it came from Will, so he wants more of it. He gives a few gentle pumps to Will's cock, matching the gentle thrusting of his fingers to the pace he's set for his stroking. He can hear the unfiltered moans falling from Will's lips as he's fingerfucked open and his cock is tended to and it's hypnotising. Will's hole is warm and inviting and with every movement of his fingers, Hannibal's mind wanders to what it would feel like to have his cock inside of Will - the tight walls squeezing and milking him. That thought was enough to have him pressing their cocks together again, stroking both of them at once whilst continuing to stroke at Will's prostate.

"Hannibal..." Will breathes out, and in between his grunts and harsh breaths, Hannibal manages a little "Mm?" In response, but he knows what Will is trying to say. He can feel the way the man's legs have begun to tremble, the way his body is tense yet so relaxed.

And then it comes, well, Will cums.

His eyes almost roll back in his head, his moans coming out loud and if Hannibal had neighbours they'd certainly be complaining. Will rocks himself back on Hannibal's fingers as his orgasm comes and goes, cum spilling from his cock all over Hannibal's and the feeling of it alongside the feeling of his hole milking Hannibal's fingers is enough to make Hannibal cum as well, their fluids mixing together and dribbling all over Will's lower belly.

Hannibal pulls his finger out of Will when he feels the man squirm at the overstimulation and his hands move to bring Will's legs down, letting him rest and also not wanting his legs to cramp up.

He lays down next to Will, pulling him close and pressing kisses to his sweaty forehead. The two of them are both panting and shaking messes of sweat and cum.

"You did so well, Will," Hannibal says, and he means it. Will didn't complain once, he must have enjoyed it just as much as Hannibal did. "Don't worry about anything, we'll only move onto sex when your body is ready for it, Mylimasis," He says as if he can read Will's thoughts and hear how he's mildly disappointed that he wasn't able to feel Hannibal's cock inside of him, even though the idea of it scares him - that thing could bloody rip him in half! Hannibal's fingers had been plenty, the stretch had burned but the intimacy and the love in the room made it all worth it, as well as the feeling when Hannibal found his prostate.

And the two of them simply lay there, panting and catching their breath. Hannibal was well aware of the mess they had made and the fact that the bedsheets would have to be changed, but his need for cleanliness didn't matter when the mess-maker was Will, his sweet Will. In fact, all he wanted to do for the foreseeable future was hold Will close and whisper sweet things and praises to him.

Will feels like the fog in his mind has cleared. The reason he's so enamoured by Hannibal is because he is The Chesapeake Ripper. His mind is unlike everyone else's, it's different, much like his. They understood each other in a way the rest of the world never could, so they had to stick together.

But not literally, as they currently are. God, he can't wait for a shower.

Chapter End Notes

3,716 words!!! unedited, please let me know if yall find any issues lolol

hope the smut wasn't shit

love you all

STAY SAFE AND EAT THE RUDE!!!!

Stick Together

Chapter Summary

The next couple of days are busy for Hannibal and he finds himself unintentionally disregarding Will.

Will's nightmares continue to haunt him, as well as the fear of what this new relationship is.

Chapter Notes

hello!!!! ive been sick and its been my birthday so i kinda forgot i was an ao3 writer!

hope this is okay, aiming for 2k-2.5k words

started at 6.41pm

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two of them had slept covered in cum and sweat, and surprisingly it wasn't too much of a pain to clean up once they awoke the next morning. The bed sheets were cleaned quickly and fresh ones were on the bed, Will had showered separately from Hannibal because he needed some time to think. He used lots of time to think, as Hannibal was busy for the next couple of days - he was completely booked with patients and he had a few new patients, those sessions always took much longer.

So Will was at home all day, alone.

He was never good at looking after himself, and being alone for hours proved that he hadn't changed a bit. He spent all of his time lounging around, sometimes he'd explore Hannibal's library, but he'd never find anything worth reading to completion, so he just laid in the bed in the guest bedroom or on the couch. He'd completely forget to feed himself, and sometimes Hannibal forgot to feed him too - he'd come home extra late and simply fall asleep without so much as talking to Will. But he didn't mind, he knew Hannibal had a life and that he was already imposing simply by being here.

He felt awful, what was the point of him being here if he was just to lounge around and do nothing all day? His conversations with Hannibal were now short and tended to only be a few

sentences long, the man was up early in the mornings when Will wasn't, so they barely saw each other. Will wondered if he should just go home, he knew Hannibal didn't realise how little they were communicating, and he also knew there was nothing he could do about it if he did. At the moment, he was laying on the bed in the guest bedroom, his shirt off so he could apply some gentle anti-septic to his wound, which was healing okay. It was somewhat angry and red, but partially scabbed over now - it would be better if he were eating enough and had enough energy for his body to heal properly, but oh well.

It was about 7 PM, and he had no idea what time Hannibal would be home because the older man had no set schedule. It's alright, he thinks, it could be hours or minutes and no matter what it is it didn't matter. Hannibal would come home, hunt Will down to kiss him on the head, go to his bedroom, and fall asleep. It was like clockwork, it happened every single day, the same. He rolls over onto his side after the sting from the antiseptic had mostly faded, his eyes closing gently. He began to ponder again, whether or not he should just go home - it would be better that way, no? No one would have to look after his dogs, Hannibal wouldn't have to worry - not that he was, he seemed to think Will was doing fine - and he could wallow in self-pity day after day until he could go back to work.

He sighs softly, finally allowing himself to fall asleep once he realises Hannibal won't be home anytime soon.

-

Run, Will, run, he thought to himself as his shoes landed in and splashed mud all over his jeans. All he could hear were his breaths, the ringing in his ears and the snapping of twigs as he crushed them beneath his weight. Bugs and leaves found themself in his hair as he ran through bushes and cobwebs, tears streaming down his pale cheeks and leaving his eyes red and sore. He didn't look behind him, he could hear the sounds mimicking his footsteps shortly behind him. He could hear his heartbeat, and feel his lungs and throat, red and raw from panting, crying, and screaming out for help.

He just wanted to be home, warm and comfy and not in this god-awful forest with rain half-drowning him and making the ground beneath him slippery and inescapable. He wanted to be with his dogs, wanted to be in front of his fireplace, in his bed, anywhere but here!

He looked around, his footsteps coming to a stop as he found himself in a part of the forest he'd never been to before. The footsteps behind him had stopped too, perhaps the creature had gotten lost? Thank god, he thought, he was safe. He tipped his head back and let the rain wash away the tears from his stinging cheeks and the dirt, mud and leaves clinging to his face. His breathing evened out quickly, his throat still burning and tasting bloody from his desperation moments ago. This was nice, it wasn't home, but it was relief.

All of a sudden he felt a sharp pain in his chest, and his eyes immediately flicked down to it. A thick tree branch had pierced through his torso, twisting and growing out from him as blood sprayed everywhere. Bramble clung to his ankles, holding him in place as the sharp piece of wood impaled him.

"Will! Will, wake up!" He was snapped awake by the sound of Hannibal's voice. His wound was bleeding and he held up his hand to find the same red liquid under his nails - he'd been

scratching at it in his sleep. He quickly sat up, the pain was minimal compared to what he thought was happening, and he didn't mess up his wound too much. He looked up at Hannibal, the man looked shaken, not his usual calm and collected self.

"Sorry, sorry," Will says softly, his wrist grabbed by Hannibal as he reaches over to the first aid kit he already had on the nightstand from earlier.

"There's nothing to be sorry for, let me help you, please," Hannibal says, forcing eye contact with Will for a few moments until the younger man relents and nods. He rests back against the headboard, letting Hannibal run off and come back with a warm cloth which he gently uses to clean up Will's hands and around his wound. He then puts some gauze pads on the wound, gently wrapping a bandage around Will's torso.

His mind flicked back to his nightmare, and he didn't realise he was trembling until Hannibal realised he was trembling. He found himself completely unable to speak.

"I heard you screaming, Will," Hannibal says as he continues to bandage Will's wound.

"And then I found you in here, you were thrashing around and clawing at your wound," He adds, his voice soft and grounding as he continues to speak, knowing full well that Will can't.

"How you didn't wake yourself up, I don't know," He says with a sigh, finishing up the bandages and shifting to sit next to Will, pressing a kiss to his brown sweaty curls. His hands gently held the younger man's face, his eyes softening as he looked at Will's body and how his cheeks had sunken in. He hadn't realised just how much he was forgetting about Will, he should not have said he could care for Will if he couldn't - and he clearly was not putting in an effort. It was then and there he decided he'd stop taking on new clients, and that he'd make sure to be here for Will during dinner, it was the least he could do. He tried to push away any thoughts that he was the reason for Will's nightmare, that his neglect had left the man feeling unwanted and unneeded, especially after the two had shared so much intimacy a few days ago.

"Honey, how about we go downstairs and have some dinner?" Hannibal asks gently, kissing Will's head again. It broke his heart to see the man he loved in so much shock and pain that he couldn't speak, but the gentle nod from Will was a good sign - at least the younger man could hear him and wasn't completely dissociated. He shifted out of the bed and took Will's hands in his own, helping the man up before leading him downstairs into the kitchen. It was 9 PM by now, a bit late to have dinner, but Hannibal realised that Will wasn't eating anything when he was on his own and needed to at least offer the man some food.

Will sat at one of the kitchen benches as Hannibal prepared a quick dinner, he just wanted to get some food in Will, and hopefully, that would make his darling boy feel a bit better. Will's eyes looked so sad, and Hannibal had to refrain from looking over as he cooked because he found that the sight made his heart heavy.

He'd put in the oven some steak and kidney pies that he'd prepared a little while ago, and he was tossing together a salad for them to have on the side when he heard Will finally speak up.

"I was thinking... that maybe I'll go home," Will said softly and timidly.

"Certainly not," Hannibal was quick to shut the man down. "You've just had a night terror and you almost ripped yourself open, you can't be on your own, William, I won't allow it," He says in a stern yet caring voice.

"Well, yeah, but-" Will started, interrupted rather rudely by Hannibal.

"But what? Will, you're going to kill yourself if you're on your own, I won't allow it," He repeats himself, trying not to let his obvious fear of losing his lover show in his voice.

"But I'm alone most of the day anyway... If I had taken a nap whilst you were at work, the same thing would have happened without you," Will says, his voice still soft and calm despite Hannibal's mildly agitated one.

Hannibal was quiet for a while. Will was certainly correct, he couldn't have saved Will if he hadn't decided to come home from work early. His poor, sweet love was clearly suffering and he wasn't here to take care of him like he had promised he was going to. How had he let things get this bad? He really needed to take some time off work, he certainly could afford it - in all honesty, he could afford to retire if he wanted to, but he liked the job too much. Prying into people's minds was fun, but he was going to set that aside and focus on Will for the next few weeks.

"I'll take some time off," He says, pulling the pies out of the oven and setting one on each plate with some salad on the side. He also got himself and Will some glasses of juice, standing at the kitchen island as the two talked because he didn't feel like disrupting the conversation to move into the dining room. Will picked at his food as he thought, taking a little bite and chewing, swallowing with a sip of his juice before speaking.

"I've missed you a lot," The younger man says sweetly, his eyes on his plate and not Hannibal.

"I know-" Hannibal starts, but Will returns the favour of being cut off earlier.

"I didn't realise how quickly I had come to depend on you, but I do, a lot," He mumbles, taking another sip of his juice before continuing. "If you are able to take time off, I'd like that, but I understand that the world doesn't revolve around me," He adds.

Hannibal's heart nearly leaps out of his chest at Will's sweetness and the way he's delivering his words.

"You're my world, Will," He says softly.

"And I'd do absolutely anything to keep you spinning."

Chapter End Notes

7:42 finish

almost 2k... no smut sorry loves, just sadness.

Keep You Spinning

Chapter Summary

Hannibal delivers upon his promise to look after Will better.

Will decides he wants to go all the way.

Chapter Notes

heeeello!! starting this at 6.38pm muahaha,

ummm smut probably definitely hhh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had done exactly as he had said he would. He had decided to take some time off work, so he did, six weeks to be exact - he knows Will only had four off, but he was sure that the younger man would be staying around for longer than that, he hoped. After their messy day, the two of them spent the next few days around each other. That pretty much means that Hannibal would do what work he could from home and Will would sit near him and ramble on about things the entire time, which Hannibal doesn't mind, and Will doesn't mind that Hannibal barely responds - he knows that the man is still listening, and would probably bring up the topic another time.

"All done?" Will asks softly as he pauses his babbling, noticing that Hannibal's attention has shifted from his work and is now solely on Will - who is currently sitting at one of the couch chairs in Hannibal's study, laid back, his feet up (his fluffy socks on display), and his arms hugging the small cushion that used to sit on the chair where he is instead.

"All done," Hannibal says with a warm smile on his face, looking over Will's relaxed position. He puts his hands together and watches him briefly before clearing his throat and standing. "Would you like something to eat, is it lunchtime yet?" He asks Will, who has no idea of the time either. Will checks his watch, it's 2 PM-ish, they'd completely lost track of time, but neither of them had any plans so what did it matter?

"Late lunch," Will says as he moves his legs from being over the couch arm, setting them down on the floor and standing up before putting the cushion he was cuddling back where it came from. He gives it a little pat, smoothing out a crease or two, before running a hand

through his curly locks and turning back to Hannibal. His wound hadn't been hurting as much, he was able to wear shirts and he even once slept on his chest for about five minutes.

The two of them made their way downstairs to the kitchen, and Hannibal's mind could not be thinking about anything food related. He watched Will's soft curls bounce as he walked down the stairs and found himself wishing he could run his hands through them - or tug at them. Gods, they were so soft. He wasn't sure the last time Will washed them, could have been this morning, he thinks, but they hadn't taken the shower together so he still doesn't know if Will washed his hands or just his body. Anyway, his hair always looked wonderful and Hannibal almost found himself drawn to it at times, he had a thing for it, just touching it, smelling it, burying his face in it - Well, the same could be said about any part of Will. He hadn't ever thought of himself as someone who wanted or needed a romantic relationship, but that changed when he met Will.

Before he could stop himself, he found himself pressing Will back against the kitchen counter. One arm around the man's upper back, one in his hair, feeling those wonderful soft curls in between his fingers. He can't help but wonder who else had touched Will's hair, who else had been this close to him? He felt his grip tighten on the younger man, pressing his face into his chest.

"Hannibal?" Will's voice is soft and confused, muffled by his current situation, he tilts his head up and looks at the man currently suffocating him. Hannibal can hear Will's tone of voice, he's such a sweet man, it's clear he's enjoying this affection because he can't hide his giddiness from the man who knows him best... If only Will knew the things Hannibal was thinking of doing to him, which was much more than the abrupt embrace they are currently in.

Hannibal is completely stuck in his thoughts as he looks down at Will's sweet face. He can't help but grin at those soft pink cheeks, those blue eyes, he's perfect... Hannibal leans in, pressing a gentle kiss to Will's lips. He feels the younger man's hands come around his waist, coming together behind him. His gentle kiss is returned by one from Will, and the two of them spend the greater part of five minutes standing in the kitchen holding each other and sharing little kisses. Will finds that he had closed his eyes, and Hannibal had done the same, so they both open them and let out soft happy sighs.

"Will..." Hannibal starts, running his fingers through the man's hair. He doesn't finish his sentence, because all of a sudden he can't. The hand he had on Will's upper back moves down, slipping under his shirt and back up, where he then rubs slow circles into Will's perfect skin. Will sighs, he presses his forehead into Hannibal's chest and he stays like that for a few moments, who knows what he's thinking about, but the silence is so comfortable that Hannibal doesn't ask.

Hannibal REALLY doesn't want to ruin this moment. It's nice, it feels as though all guards are down, it feels as though he's truly able to be with Will... but his thoughts are gnawing at him, he feels Will's soft back flesh and all he wants to do is see it, see him. His hands move down to the bottom of Will's shirt and he pulls away so that he can take it off the younger man, giving him enough time to protest - he doesn't, Will lifts his arms to make it easier for Hannibal.

Gods, he's practically salivating at the sight of Will. It's only been a few days at most, but he can't deny he wishes he could have Will every day. Have him as in, the way he did have him, almost. His hands trail down to Will's pajama bottoms and he feels his face warming, he knows what he wants, and he's going to have what he wants.

He pulls Will's pajama pants down and off, before lifting the man onto the kitchen counter, leaning over and peppering his neck with kisses. Will is a complete mess already, his face is bright red and he's watching Hannibal's every move with widened eyes - He's so cute! Will's embarrassed yet adorable reaction only fuels Hannibal's need for him, and Will's sweet attempts at kissing back when Hannibal's face comes close is making his heart ache with love.

Hannibal's eyes trail down to Will's boxers and he notices the way the man presses his thighs together to his best ability - which really isn't much because Hannibal has slotted himself in between them - so he moves his hands down to gently rub Will's soft thighs, soothingly drawing little circles with his fingertips. Will knows what's coming, and of course, he's a bit afraid.

"I will always be gentle with you," Hannibal speaks softly, closing his eyes and pressing his forehead to Will's. He wants what he wants, but he also knows that he needs Will to enjoy it as well. "Open up for me, hmm? I promise I won't hurt you," He adds, still rubbing slow circles on Will's thighs until he relaxes, his legs falling open once again. A small smile appears on Hannibal's lips and he kisses Will's lips once before trailing down his jaw and his chest - avoiding the wound - and then down his stomach. Once he reaches Will's lower tummy he moves his hands up from his thighs, pulling the boxers down and kissing the freshly exposed skin. Once the boxers are off completely, he pulls back, looking at Will's half-hard dick for a few moments before gently moving a hand to it.

At this point, Will has tipped his head back, he gets so nervous that he can't watch anymore. It's as if the affection and the sensations are too much, and if he were to watch he doesn't think he could handle it. His breath hitches as he feels Hannibal thumb the sensitive tip of his dick, which is completely hard now and growing almost painfully so as Hannibal begins to slowly stroke him up and down.

He watches as Will's hips thrust up for more, but he doesn't give more, he watches as the man becomes a mess at such little touch - his cock leaking, his face hot and his lips parted to let breathy moans escape them. His own eyes are half-lidded as he watches Will, feeling his cock stir and harden as he hears those noises... Gods, he can't wait to hear more of them. His mind wanders to wondering what it would feel like to be inside Will, and he lets out a little grunt of his own as he presses his cock against the counter for some kind of relief. Will's moans fade into the background as he visualises being inside him, he almost forgets that it's a real-life possibility and not just a fantasy.

He takes his hand away from Will's now-leaking cock, undoing his pants quickly and throwing them messily onto the kitchen floor alongside his boxers. He wastes no time, shoving two fingers into his mouth and coating them in his spit before he plunges them inside of Will, he's far too blinded by complete need at this point. Will's back arches and loud, whiny moans escape him as Hannibal parts his fingers and stretches Will out. He knows he

really should prepare him better, but Hannibal is far too distracted by Will's pretty face and how his insides feel squeezed around his fingers to bother.

He pulls his fingers out, leaving Will empty and panting for a few seconds. His back meets the cold granite countertop once he's able to stop arching and his attempts to catch his breath are in pain when he's suddenly pulled to the edge of the counter by his thighs, Hannibal's cock poking at his entrance. The older man presses his forehead to Will's once again, before joining their lips together and shoving his tongue into his mouth. The kiss is sloppy, spit dribbling down both of their chins - but that's just what Hannibal wants. He pulls away and spits onto his hand, a mix of both his and Will's saliva, before coating his cock in it and Will's hole. He then presses inside slowly, watching as his cock slowly fills Will up. It feels even better than he had imagined, it's warm and tight and Will is squeezing him rhythmically with his insides - unintentionally, the stretch is a lot for him, Hannibal knows.

Will's head is tipped back again and he's breathing loud, his teeth gritted and his head hitting the countertop a few times as Hannibal slowly sinks inside of him. It's more uncomfortable than anything, a slight burn and a sting at the start which quickly turns into a warm, full feeling. Hannibal is intentionally slow, gripping Will's squishy thighs until there's handprints on them.

When he finally bottoms out, he pulls Will close, holding him and kissing the corners of his lips so he can still breathe with them parted. He hadn't noticed that he, too, is panting. He's not even moving yet and it feels amazing, Will is still tightening around him, so he waits for the man to relax. He brushes some curls from Will's forehead, looking into his eyes with nothing but love. "Hey, it doesn't hurt too much, does it?" Hannibal asks, his affectionate voice tinged with concern.

Will's only response is him shaking his head a little, so Hannibal decides to just hold him and wait for the poor thing to calm down.

"You feel so good, Will," Hannibal says, his voice no louder than a whisper. He wants Will to relax, so he doesn't move, not even if he wishes he could - a lot. "You're perfect. More perfect than I could have ever imagined, Mylimasis," He adds. He slowly feels Will's body relax, his warm insides taking him much better now. He presses his lips to his ear, whispering soft words of praise as he slowly begins to move inside of Will.

Hannibal's cock hits Will's prostate perfectly with every thrust, and Will feels like his brain is melting with how full he feels. It's overwhelming, his mouth hangs open and he has no filter for the moans and incoherent noises that come from him. Long, drawn out moans whenever Hannibal thrusts particularly hard, and they quickly become little 'ah, ah, ah's when the older man begins to go faster. His hole feels sticky from spit, and he definitely wishes there was lube, but he's too blissed-out to care about the mild pain. Grunts and breaths escape Hannibal as well, Will can hear them clearly against his ear, they sound filthy, definitely not anything he'd have thought he'd ever hear.

Hannibal pulls away, and then pretty much folds Will in half. His legs are over Hannibal's shoulders and he holds his thighs as he fucks into him. He's no longer holding back, and the room fills with wet noises, breaths and moans. Will's stomach glistens with precum and he's

close to completely losing it, he's trying to wait... He really wants to finish with Hannibal, but he doesn't think he can make it that long.

"Ah, Han- Han..." Will pants, his back arching again as he desperately claws at the counter, seeking something to grab onto to make this a little bit easier. Hannibal isn't focused, he's completely lost to the sensations as well, and he speeds up his pace when he hears Will - each thrust hard and brutal against Will's prostate.

That's it, a few of those hard thrusts and Will is cumming, all over his stomach and it dribbles down onto the countertop. His hole clenches around Hannibal's cock, which causes the man to lose himself as well, digging his nails into Will's thighs as he shoots hot cum inside of him.

It takes him a few moments to realise what has happened, and he pulls out with an embarrassed look on his face. He can't believe he lost himself like that. Will whines at the loss, his hole clenching around nothing and leaking out Hannibal's seed. The two of them pant, their fast breaths matching up almost. Hannibal leans over again, kissing Will's lips repeatedly, but not so much that he'd suffocate them both.

"Perfect boy," Hannibal says, scooping Will up in his arms with an exasperated grunt. His fingers move back to Will's now slightly loosened hole, pushing cum back inside of him as he walks into the bathroom with the man. Will whines uncomfortably as Hannibal lazily fingers him again, the overstimulation making his entire body shake. Hannibal continues to do so, fingering Will gently as the two get in the shower, the hot water beginning to fog up the glass. He pulls his finger out once Will has enough energy to hit him and he chuckles quietly. "Alright, alright, sorry," He says, leaning over to kiss Will's lips quickly.

He takes some shampoo into his hands, beginning to wash those same curls that got them into this mess.

Chapter End Notes

9.04 dhfewuyhf i got side tracked

unedited aahahjaba <333

End Notes

tyvm 4 kudos!! comments appreciated

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